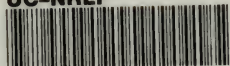


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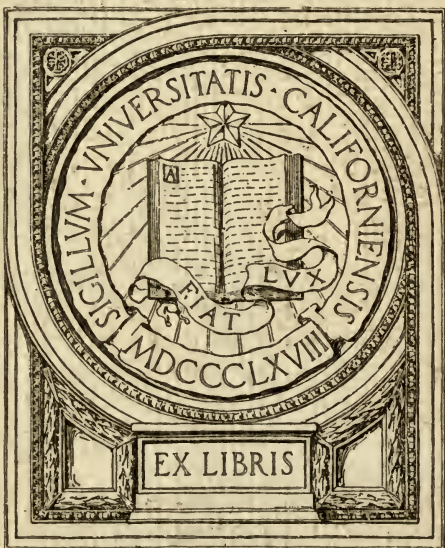
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THE GODS ARE GOOD



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SENIOR PLAY
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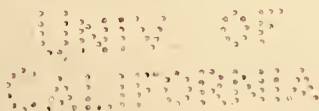
A MESA TOWN OF TUSAYAN

THE GODS ARE GOOD

A PLAY
IN THREE ACTS AND AN EPILOGUE
BY
CARL I. WHEAT

WRITTEN FOR AND PRESENTED BY
THE CLASS OF 1915
POMONA COLLEGE

GREEK THEATRE, CLAREMONT, CAL.
JUNE 15, 1915



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BY

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TO VINU
ABSTRACTED

KING PRINTING COMPANY
POMONA, CAL.

INTRODUCTION

In those days, long before Christopher Columbus first landed on the shores of the New World, there existed a group of tiny republics in a part of the America which he was destined to discover. Even then the people of these little "city-states" built their houses of stone rising story-on-story above the tops of lofty desert mesas, and lived in comparative peace in a land of fierce, nomadic tribes, against whom they fought only to defend their homes. Here they tilled the soil and developed a system of laws and government. They recognized the rights of property, and elected their rulers in true democratic fashion.

These people inhabited what is now New Mexico and Northeastern Arizona, where their descendants still live in the storied pueblos of their fathers. Here they cultivated maize and cotton, and wove the latter into a cloth which was the admiration of the Spaniards when, under Coronado in 1537, the white men first saw the Pueblos—as these people are called.

Three years after Coronado had discovered the Pueblos of the Rio Grande valley, his lieutenant, Don Pedro del Tovar, led a portion of the Spanish expedition to the west and north, where he discovered the Grand Canyon of the Colorado in what is now Northern Arizona. Nearby, in the very heart of El Desierto Pintado—"The Painted Desert"—he found another group of pueblo-building Indians, who called themselves the Hopituh—"People of Peace." On the summits of three rocky mesas, rising hundreds of feet above the sands, they had built their villages, and they retreated to these impregnable heights when attacked by their war-like Navajo neighbors. Below the mesas they tilled the fields, where the men of the tribe wrung a meagre subsistence of corn from the sandy soil. Their only water was that which seeped out of tiny springs in the rocks, and when these failed them death was inevitable. Such was the so-called "Land of Tusayan."

The religious beliefs of men are largely influenced either

by what they need most or fear most, and it is only natural that in the religion of the Hopis, as we call these people today, the need of water with its life-giving power should play a predominant part. In fact, nearly all their great religious ceremonials are actually elaborate and symbolic prayers for rain. Of these the most notable are the Snake Dance and the Flute Dance, both prayers to "Those Above" for "the water that is life." In the Snake Dance the snakes are danced with and chanted to, and then set free with the prayer that they will go out and tell the gods about the Hopi's need, for the snakes are thot to be in close touch with the gods. In the Flute Dance we see a primitive dramatization of history and religion. The priests of the flute clan review the history of the people and in chants pray that the gods "may not forget."

In "The Gods are Good" we are taken back into the ancient Hopi Pueblo of Oraibi as it was many centuries ago, long before the Europeans set foot on the soil of the New World. It is a time of terrible drought, and the priests of the Blue Flute Clan are about to enact their dramatic prayer for rain. The action of the play is complete in a single day, the first act being in the morning, the second in the afternoon, and the third in the evening of this day of the Flute Dance. There is also an epilogue later in the evening.

SYNOPSIS OF THE PLAY

ACT ONE. SCENE ONE.

Hotewa, foster son of Cochewa, the old priest of Oraibi, has been chosen to lead the Flute Dance. It is a time of terrible drought, and the dance is to be the people's last despairing prayer for rain. Hotewa is in love with Nampeyo, daughter of Tewani, the chief, and she with him; but Tewani promises Nampeyo to Tanto in return for the sacred eagle basket of good luck which Tanto wins in the race early in the act. Hotewa hears of this and tells Nampeyo and they plan to run away together to the land of the Tehuas on the Rio Grande. They plan to get away that very day as the marriage is set to begin that evening. But several incidents happen in

quick succession to show Hotewa plainly that he, above all others, is looked to by the whole tribe to save the people from death and to prevail on the Gods to send the needed rain. Not knowing what to do, and torn between his love for Nampeyo and his loyalty to the tribe, he at length goes down into the sacred underground council-chamber, or Kiva, to pray the Gods for a sign.

SCENE TWO.

In the Kiva Hotewa prays for a sign. A vision appears of Nampeyo. He believes it is the sign from heaven and is about to depart when it fades and another vision appears of the starving people dying from lack of water. He tries to look away but a certain power forces him to look at it, and he finally accepts this as the command of the Gods to stay and give up Nampeyo for the sake of the tribe.

ACT TWO. SCENE ONE.

Preparations are being made for the dance. Old Cochewa, the grand old man of the tribe, climbs to the topmost roof to watch for a cloud. Just before the dance starts Nampeyo sees Hotewa, and for the first time knows that she has lost him. He seems oblivious of everything except the dance. It grows wilder and wilder. And yet no rain. Nikano, the scoffer, mocks the efforts of the dancers and Tanto joins him in contempt for the ancestral Gods. The rest of the people are almost ready to believe them for no cloud appears. At last, as the dance is finished, old Cochewa, unable longer to stand the strain, totters and falls, and the scene closes as the men carry him down into the Kiva.

SCENE TWO.

In the Kiva Nikano, the scoffer, scornfully declares, "There are no Gods." The dying Cochewa rises and with his last strength calls on the Hopis not to listen, but to stand by the Gods of their fathers. In a prophetic vision he speaks of the rain to come and lays a dying curse upon the scoffer. As he sinks back a cry outside is heard, "The Rain," but he is unconscious. Then the rain begins to fall upon the roof and a few drops come thru the doorway and strike Cochewa in the face. His eyes open and he speaks, "God of my fathers, it is the rain! I die in peace." Out of the Kiva rush the men, sobbing

and wild with joy. Hotewa alone remains with the dead Cochewa. He has done his duty. His loyalty to the tribe has brot the rain. But Nampeyo is lost, and Hotewa feels that he can no longer stay in Oraibi if he must see her married to Tanto.

ACT THREE.

The feast is on, for the rain has come and the "People of Peace" are saved. Everyone praises Hotewa, who led the Flute Dance. They say that he is still in the Kiva praying to the Gods and grieving over the death of Cochewa. Nampeyo alone knows what it really is that he is grieving over. At her father's command she is making ready to marry Tanto. When everyone has departed for the feast, Hotewa comes from the Kiva and says goodbye to Oraibi. He has lost that which he most desired and feels that now there is nothing to hold him to Oraibi. He has decided to go away to the Tehua villages across the desert. Immediately after he has gone, Nampeyo goes to the Kiva saying that no one can keep her from saying goodbye to Hotewa. She discovers that he is gone and spreads the news to the feasting people. Some go after him. Just then the news is brot to Tewani, who is beginning to wish that he had not promised Nampeyo to Tanto, that Nikano, the scoffer, has fallen over the cliff to death as Cochewa had said in his prophecy and curse. The people say that Tanto is next and draw away from him. Tewani cries, "My daughter shall not marry one who scoffs at the givers of rain." Tanto reminds him of his promise; but Tewani, enraged, cries, "By the Gods I swore it—by the Gods at whom you scoff,—and now by those same Gods I take away my promise." He throws the Eagle Basket at Tanto's feet and bids him go. The act closes with Tewani's appeal that Hotewa be found.

EPILOGUE. TABLEAU SCENE.

The scene opens as Act I, Scene I, with Mooa, the crier, calling on the people to give thanks for the rain. The Pueblo is dark except for a light from Tewani's doorway where Nampeyo is waiting for news of Hotewa. As Mooa calls, Hotewa stealthily comes in to say goodbye for the last time to the home of his childhood, and to place a prayer-stick for happiness at Nampeyo's doorway before he leaves her forever. He does

not know that Tanto is discredited. He looks in the lighted doorway and sees Nampeyo, and wants to speak to her but does not dare. He starts away but is accidentally discovered by Tewani, who leads him into the house. The door closes for a moment and the stage is dark. Then Hotewa and Nampeyo appear and walk along the rooftop. As they reach the edge a distant peal of thunder is heard, and then, as they embrace, Hotewa cries, "The Gods are Good."

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Dances.....	Miss Francene L. Bishop

PERSONS IN THE DRAMA

AN OLD PRIEST IN THE PROLOGUE

COCHEWA.....	<i>The Old Priest</i>
TEWANI.....	<i>Chief of Oraibi</i>
HOTewa.....	<i>Young Leader of the Flute Priests</i>
NIKANO.....	<i>The Scoffer</i>
TANTO.....	<i>Whose Fields are Broad</i>
AHTOWAN.....	<i>A Man of Oraibi</i>
MOOA.....	<i>The Village Crier</i>
SOYOMI.....	<i>Much Henpecked</i>
DOKOYA.....	<i>The Storyteller</i>
AHWANTE	}
NOTAWA	
IOWANO	
YOWYTEWA	
NAMPEYO.....	<i>Daughter of Tewani</i>
MATASE.....	<i>Daughter of Cochewa</i>
TAWASE.....	<i>Wife of Mooa</i>
WATOBÉ.....	<i>Wife of Soyomi, and Master of the Household</i>
VILLAGERS, FLUTE PRIESTS, RUNNERS, CORN MAIDENS, FLUTE MAIDENS, AND CHILDREN.	

SCENE—The Hopi Pueblo of Oraibi

TIME—The day of the Flute Dance—a thousand years ago.

ACT I

Scene I—The Pueblo—Morning.

Scene II—The Kiva—Directly after Scene I.

ACT II

Scene I—The Pueblo—Afternoon.

Scene II—The Kiva—Directly after Scene I.

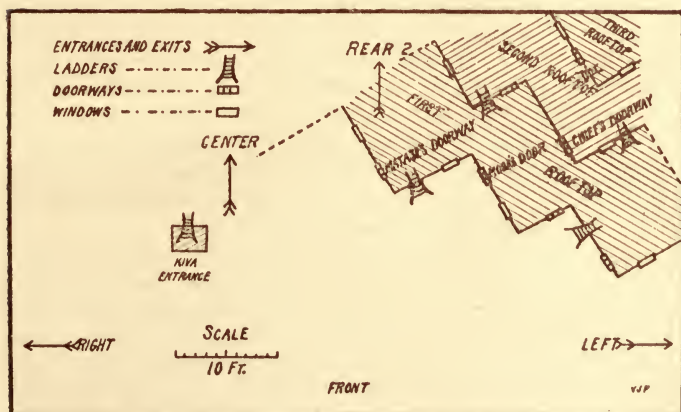
ACT III—The Pueblo—Early evening.

EPILOGUE—The Pueblo—Later in the evening.

PROLOGUE

"THOSE DAYS OF OLD ARE GONE IN TUSAYAN"

PLAN OF STAGE—PUEBLO SCENE



PROLOGUE

(This Prologue is spoken just before the curtain is to rise by an old, robed priest, who comes before the curtain and addresses the audience as follows:)

Aliksai! In Tusayan the people were living, and it was many, many years ago; aye *many* plantings before the men of the white skins first looked upon the mesa towns of the Hopituh, People of Peace. Then, even as now, they lived in their cities in the sky worshipping the Gods of their Fathers, for were not they the chosen people of the Ancient Ones, and had not the Gods been good to them? Long years they had lived here, since first the Spirits from above had pointed to these towering mesas and bade the old men rear their cities here. Here they sowed the seed of maize and it grew abundantly, for the Gods were gracious. Twice only had They held back the rain in the treasures of the skies, yet each time the water came again when their anger was at length appeased. For the Gods loved the people of the mesa towns, and wished them well. And in this desert land the rain is life.

So we take you back tonight into that ancient, mystic world of Tusayan, where men have lived and loved and died since time forgotten. Those days are gone indeed in Tusayan, but *we* may live them o'er again. Come, then, with me and look again upon the times of the Ancient Ones of elder days. Draw back the curtain,—time falls away,—in the twinkling of an eye an age-long thousand years are gone. It is the dawn! Draw back the curtain,—look ye once more on ancient Tusayan.

ACT I.

"THE GODS HAVE FORGOTTEN US"

ACT I. SCENE I.

THE PUEBLO

(Curtain discloses Pueblo in first glow of dawn. Low flute melody heard proceeding from Kiva opening. Then chant is heard, low at first—then higher and stronger as light grows stronger on stage. As chant comes to climax—enter Mooa from Kiva—he is naked but for a scanty breech-cloth and eagle feather in hair. Slowly comes from Kiva, looks about him, then climbs the ladder to the first roof. Again he stops—then climbs on to the topmost point. There he halts—waiting.)

VOICE FROM KIVA. Call Mooa, for the day has come.

MOOA. *(To Kiva.)* I call. *(To village, musical call, long drawn out.)* Ai—ee, ai—ee! Awake, people of Oraibi. *(Pause.)*

VOICE. Call louder.

MOOA. Ai—ee! Awake! Already your young men are running on the trail. The priests have chanted thru the long night in the Kiva. It is the sixteenth day.

VOICE. *(Slight pause.)* Once more Mooa, call the people.

MOOA. Arise! They dance today the dance of flutes in old Oraibi, that Those Above may hearken to our prayer for rain.

(Enter Cochewa, Rear 2—He is very old, wears a skin over his shoulders; his back is bent with age, and he totters as he walks. His voice is trembly as an old man's voice, but he has a certain nobility of bearing.)

COCHEWA. *(Hesitatingly.)* You call early, Mooa.

MOOA. Yes, father, but the sun will soon be high.

COCHEWA. It is so. Many years I have led the flute dance. Now I am old. I pass it on to Hotewa. Call on, Mooa.

MOOA. *(To village.)* Ai—ee! With flutes they play to the Rain Gods. Arise, people of Oraibi.

COCHEWA. Alas, we are in sore need. May Those above hear us.

(Chant is heard from Kiva—also flute at intervals. People enter by twos and threes as Cochewa and Mooa talk.)

COCHEWA. *(Talking on, half to himself.)* Listen! In the

Kiva they are making ready. (*Flute grows louder then dies away.*) Harken! You who dwell above. They pray for rain. (*Cochewa sits on bench and rocks to and fro moaning to himself.*)

MOOA. Grieve not Cochewa. The young men are strong and fleet.

COCHEWA. Aye! But what is fleetness when the spring is dry? Ai—ee, (*Sob of grief*) ai—ee! My corn is almost gone—(*Change of demeanor. He gestures and points as he speaks.*) Hear me! I am old and fit to die, for my life has been long in Tusayan. Gladly will I go. But there (*points*) in my daughter's house her baby is crying for food, and (*tragically*) its mother's breasts are dry. (*Rising.*) Call on, Mooa. Call. Rouse the people of Oraibi in this time of need.

MOOA. The Gods will surely send the rain.

COCHEWA. Ai—ee! Who can tell. Let the old men die unmourned, but if the children die, the name of the Hopituh will live no more in Tusayan. Is Hotewa in the Kiva?

MOOA. Yes.

COCHEWA. Today he leads the dance.

MOOA. Surely the Gods will answer *his* prayer.

COCHEWA. May it be so! I have brought him up as my own son. I have taught him all the secrets of the Blue Flute Clan, and there is no one else who can lead the ancient dance—no one else who knows the secret things that have power with the Gods above. Give him strength, oh, you Ancient Ones. He alone can save the people.

(*Cochewa totters off stage rear 2, muttering to himself. Re-enters as BOY ENTERS RUNNING lower left. People gather on stage.*)

BOY. The runners are coming up the trail.

VOICE FROM KIVA. Call again, Mooa, for with the runners comes the sun.

MOOA. Come, people of Oraibi. Greet thy young men. Arise! (*Long drawn out.*)

(*Mooa slowly comes down as people gather on stage—exit into Kiva. Enter Notawa center. He climbs hurriedly to first roof—looks over rear.*)

NOTAWA. They are coming.

(*All look toward spot at which he points.*)

IOWANO. Who leads?

NOTAWA. I can't quite make out.

VOICE FROM FAR AWAY. Ai—ee! Ai—ee!

NOTAWA. Look! They are starting up the mesa. A race!
A race!

IOWANO. Who is leading?

NOTAWA. It is *(pause)* Ahwante.

PEOPLE. *(Confusedly shouting.)* Ahwante! Ahwante is
leading.

*(Enter Corn Maidens led by Nampeyo, lower left. People
step back to let them pass.)*

NOTAWA. They near the turn.

(Enter Tewani from his doorway.)

TEWANI. Who leads?

NOTAWA. It is Ahwante, Chief.

TEWANI. Where are the others?

NAMPEYO. Come, father, hurry.

TEWANI. Yes, Nampeyo.

(Tewani hastens down ladder.)

NOTAWA. See! They are passing the turn. Tanto—

NAMPEYO. What of Tanto?

NOTAWA. *(Excitedly.)* Tanto is close behind—Ahwante
stumbles—They are neck to neck—The turn! The turn!
(People grow more excited.) Ah!

IOWANO. What is it?

NOTAWA. Tanto has passed him. Tanto leads.

PEOPLE. Tanto!

NOTAWA. They come! *(Noise heard outside.)* Away!
Make room. Ai! Tanto will win.

PEOPLE. Tanto will win!

*(Enter Tanto, lower left, panting, but not exhausted.
Ahwante staggers in soon after. People crowd around. Corn
Maidens throw pollen over the runners as they come in. Little
children pelt them with corn stalks.)*

CORN MAIDENS. *(Chanting.)*—

Brothers,—runners of the sun,—

With prayers of rich success we greet you.

Brothers,—runners of the sun,—

With corn and songs of joy we meet you.

Come and dance with us, ye runners;
Come and dance with us the corn dance,
That the Gods above may hearken,
That the Gods above may hear us.

PEOPLE. (*Chanting*)—

Come and dance the joyous corn dance,
That the Gods may send the raindrops.

(*Corn maidens dance the Corn Dance accompanied by tom-tom and "Ho-ya" shouts of onlookers, who applaud frequently. As the dance closes the corn maidens again throw pollen over the runners and children pelt them with corn stalks. Tanto goes to opening of Kiva. People begin to disperse, talking to one another. One goes to the loom by doorway. A woman works on a basket on second level.*)

TEWANI. (*From above.*) Come, Nampeyo.

NAMPEYO. Yes, father. (*She starts up the ladder. Tanto, sitting on the bench of the Kiva opening, follows her with his eyes. She looks around and he quickly looks away.*)

TANTO. (*Under his breath as Nampeyo goes into doorway.*) Nampeyo!

(*There is silence for a moment. Then Hotewa enters from the Kiva with three baskets.*)

HOTEWA. (*Solemnly.*) Tanto, you have won the holy race, and to you I give these baskets of good luck. Take them and plant them in your field and you shall have much corn. (*Tanto bows to receive them.*) The Eagle Basket!—The Storm Basket!—and the Basket of the Niman Katchina! (*Raising his arm in gesture.*) These are the Sacred Baskets—They are the most precious gift the Gods can bestow on you.

(*Exit Hotewa into Kiva. Tanto goes toward lower left. Stops as flute begins playing. "Bull-roarer" used here to call priests from Kiva. Flute priests then silently file up out of Kiva and off center, stamping rhythmically, and chanting. When all are gone Tanto comes over to point beneath chief's doorway. Holds up baskets.*)

TANTO. Ah, Nampeyo! They call you Sipala, bloom of the peach tree. With these magic, sacred baskets I will woo thee. Watch carefully, for I will pluck the peach blossom. (*Enter Hotewa, center. Sees Tanto and stops.*) Twice you

have denied me. This time I shall win. (*Tanto starts to go—Hotewa stands still in corner of house and is unnoticed.*)

HOTEWA. (*Watching him.*) Yes? (*Quietly.*)

(*Exit Tanto, lower left, and Hotewa to Kiva. Enter Cocheva rear 2.*)

COCHEWA. (*Holding out two ears of corn—Tragically.*)
Ai—ee! My corn, my corn! Gone, gone! (*Sits on bench on first roof still gazing at the corn. As he sits the low flute melody begins. As it grows louder he rises, looking far away—towards audience; flute plays softly as he speaks.*)
Oh, Thou Sun, Father of the Hopituh. In this hour of need, forget not Thy people. I think not of myself. I am old, and when my corn is gone I shall die with no complaint. But, oh, Thou Spirit of Power, guide of the Hopituh, save Thou Thy people who this day dance the sacred dance of Flutes. (*Pause.*) It is all Oraibi that is calling Thee.

(*Cocheva totters down ladder, muttering to himself. Exit center as Dokoya enters from upper doorway—not chief's house—and descends ladder. Dokoya begins working at something near corner of house. Enter Soyomi, running heedlessly. Butts head into Dokoya.*)

DOKOYA. Hi, there, what are you after?

SOYOMI. I'm not after anything. *My wife's after me.*

DOKOYA. What for?

SOYOMI. For the tenth time today.

WATOBE. (*Outside.*) Soyomi. (*High, harsh voice.*)

SOYOMI. The Gods have deserted me.

(*Hunts around for some place to hide.*)

DOKOYA. The idea of being afraid of your wife!

SOYOMI. Eh? What? You don't know my wife.

DOKOYA. Well, I wouldn't run away from her like this.

(*Soyomi peers cautiously around and then climbs into bake oven.*)

WATOBE. (*Outside.*) Soyomi, oh, Soyomi.

(*He jerks his head in. Then in a minute sticks it out again.*)

SOYOMI. (*To Dokoya.*) Help me. Send her away. Do something.

DOKOYA. Leave it to me.

(*Enter Watobe; sees Dokoya and mistakes him for Soy-*

omi. Goes to hit him. He looks up just in time to dodge. Look of terror comes over his face. Watobe discovers mistake but is not bothered. Thru rest of this scene Soyomi peeks out once in a while. Sees Dokoya get frightened and enjoys it hugely.)

WATOBE. *(To Dokoya.)* Have you seen him?

DOKOYA. *(Still scared.)* Seen who?

WATOBE. Soyomi.

DOKOYA. *(Looking around.)* He was here a minute ago. He must have gone out.

WATOBE. Well, I want him. The idea of him leaving when the corn isn't ground yet!

DOKOYA. Yes, the idea!

WATOBE. What? *(Makes motion toward Dokoya, who dodges.)* Soyomi. Soyomi, come here.

DOKOYA. *(Aside.)* Poor man!

WATOBE. *(Quickly.)* What's that? *(Dokoya dodges.)* Oh, he's a trial to my soul.

DOKOYA. *(Ironically.)* Yes?

WATOBE. Yes! *(Sobs.)* Poor dear. I have to look after him *all the time.*

DOKOYA. Yes, I notice you're doing that now.

WATOBE. *(Dries eyes fiercely.)* I'll show him when I get him. He'll be in a hot place.

DOKOYA. Ha! Ha! That's good!

WATOBE. Why?

DOKOYA. Because he is now.

WATOBE. Is what now?

DOKOYA. In a hot place.

WATOBE. Well, when I get him I'll—I'll—*(Calls)*—Soyomi, oh, Soyomi.

(Exit Watobe. Soyomi sticks his head out. Starts to crawl out. Coughs and spits out ashes.)

SOYOMI. Ugh! What a place! *(Coughing.)* I nearly burnt.

DOKOYA. But you escaped her. *(Looks apprehensively about.)*

SOYOMI. No telling how long.

DOKOYA. I told her you were in a hot place.

SOYOMI. *(Ironically.)* Yes, I heard you. I was sitting on

one hot coal trying to get another out of my ear when,—Ah—choo!

WATOBE. (*Outside.*) That's his sneeze.

(*She comes running in. He dodges behind corner of house.*)

SOYOMI. (*To Dokoya.*) Save me.

(*Watobe comes up to Dokoya, who immediately dodges and tries to get away.*)

WATOBE. (*Grabs him.*) You tell me where he is. You saw him.

(*Dokoya meekly points to the corner behind which Soyomi is hiding. He tries to get away, but she takes him by the ear and pulls him along.*)

You're a fine fellow! Here I've been hunting everywhere for you. Why weren't you here when I first called?

SOYOMI. (*Meekly.*) I was.

WATOBE. (*Fiercely.*) Don't talk back to me. Come home. (*Drags him along by ear.*)

SOYOMI. Oh, (*Plaintively.*) I almost believe you don't love me any more.

WATOBE. We'll see about that!

(*Leads him out. Dokoya works away at his task.*)

TEWANI. (*Outside.*) Cochewa, think how the Gods in years gone by have blessed the Hopituh.

COCHEWA. (*Outside.*) Yes, my son, I *am* thinking of that. (*Enter Cochewa and Tewani, center.*) How well I know the mercies of the Gods. May they help us now in our time of distress.

(*Enter Ahtowan and Nikano, lower left.*)

TEWANI. Is it for long, Ahtowan, that the Gods are angry?

AHTOWAN. How shall I say? My prayers are nothing. I have planted the holy bahoos every day and yet no rain comes. What of you, Dokoya?

DOKOYA. I, too, have planted bahoos—to no avail.

NIKANO. Perhaps your prayer sticks were not made right. Try again.

TEWANI. In *my* house the ears of corn are few, but surely I cannot believe that the Katchinas on the sacred peaks have forgotten us.

COCHEWA. (*Tottering forward.*) Say not—say not that

the Gods have forgotten us. Look! (*Points right.*) There! beyond Sit-yat-ki! where the sun touches the top of Dokoslid! I see a cloud!

TEWANI. I see no cloud.

NIKANO. It is only the fevered imagination of an old man.

COCHEWA. What? I, who have danced the Flute Dance since the days of Imatase?

AHTOWAN. What do you see, then?

COCHEWA. Behold, beyond Dokoslid, I see a cloud rising—

DOKOYA. (*Looking.*) What? A cloud?

NIKANO. (*Turning away.*) It is only a cloud of whirling dust.

COCHEWA. (*Going on.*) I see it. I, whom men say have the gift of future vision. Even today the Hopituh shall see it—

NIKANO. (*Aside.*) Yes, they that are dead.

COCHEWA. (*Continuing.*) For the Gods are good.

NIKANO. (*Scornfully turning away.*) The Gods!

COCHEWA. (*Starting after him.*) Aye, the Gods! Take heed, scoffer, lest your mad tongue run faster than your wit, and you lose it.

NIKANO. Well, before that day thirst will overtake us all. Then where will all your prayer sticks and your rain dances be? Ha!

(*Exit Nikano, center.*)

COCHEWA. (*Looking after Nikano.*) What can one do with a scoffer like him?

(*Cochewa slowly climbs the ladder and totters to rear 2—exits.*)

TEWANI. Nikano thinks there are no Gods. What do you think, Ahtowan?

AHTOWAN. Well, I take the safe side. If there are no Gods they can't hurt us for believing in them. But if there are Gods and one doesn't believe in them think what evil they might bring to one. So I believe in the Gods. Take my advice, Tewani. Run no chances. You can come to no harm, and there's a chance of rich gain by believing in the Gods.

(*Exit Ahtowan and Dokoya, lower left.*)

TEWANI. (*Looking after them.*) How many of us there are who believe in that way! (*Starts to go up ladder to his house.*)

(Enter Tanto carrying Eagle Basket.)

TANTO. Wait, Tewani, I wish to speak to the chief.

TEWANI. What is it?

TANTO. It is about Nampeyo.

TEWANI. *(Coming down.)* Nampeyo?

TANTO. Yes. *(The two come down center.)* You know I, —like many others,—have wanted her a long time.

TEWANI. Yes, I know.

TANTO. Well, I have come again to ask you. Today I won the holy race.

TEWANI. Yes?

TANTO. If I might celebrate my victory—

TEWANI. *(Pause.)* Yes?

TANTO. With a wedding. Here, Chief of Oraibi, is the Sacred Eagle Basket which I won today. If you will begin the wedding ceremony between Nampeyo and me tonight, this basket shall be yours to plant in your field for luck.

TEWANI. *(Starting.)* What! The Eagle Basket of the race?

TANTO. Yes, the Eagle Basket. *(Holds it out.)*

TEWANI. *(Slowly.)* Nampeyo is old enough.

TANTO. Older even than the most.

TEWANI. She, too, is a prize of great value.

TANTO. Yes.

TEWANI. Others desire her.

TANTO. *(Quickly.)* I know that. But I give you the Sacred Basket for your promise.

TEWANI. See here, Tanto! This morning you won three baskets, each of equal merit.

TANTO. But the Eagle Basket is the finest.

TEWANI. *(Handling it and looking it over.)* Yes, it is the *Eagle Basket*.

TANTO. It will bring great good luck.

TEWANI. *(Meaningly.)* Others are asking for Nampeyo.

TANTO. I know.

TEWANI. Hotewa is a good man. Today he leads the dance. *(Starts to hand back the basket.)*

TANTO. Yes, yes, I know. But come, Chief! The basket. Speak.

TEWANI. (*Takes the basket again and looks it over.*) Tonight, did you say?

TANTO. Yes, it must be tonight.

TEWANI. (*Slowly.*) Well.

TANTO. Yes?

TEWANI. You are a good man, Tanto, and you have won the race today. I have been in doubt before.

TANTO. But now?

TEWANI. I am decided. Yes, Tanto, I will do it.

TANTO. Ah!

TEWANI. Tonight.

TANTO. You promise it?

TEWANI. The Gods are witness to my promise. After the dance the ceremony shall begin. I say it, Tewani, the chief.

TANTO. (*Slowly.*) And as Tewani promises, so it must be done.

TEWANI. So it shall be done. Make ready. Tewani has never yet broken a promise to Gods or to men. (*Tewani climbs ladder.*) Make ready.

(*Exit Tewani thru his doorway.*)

TANTO (*Starts away, then looks furtively back at Tewani.*) Ah, Nampeyo, this time you will not escape me. This time the promise has been made. Tonight I shall lay my baskets at your door.

(*Exit Tanto, lower left, hearing young men coming. Enter young men, Iowano, Ahwante, Yowytewa, and others, center. Play "Peon" game, laugh and banter one another. Notawa enters from Kiva, while game is on. Stands and watches it. Tewani also comes in above, and later descends ladder. Enter Ahtowan and Soyomi center. All gather around to watch game and applaud winners. As game progresses one holds out a piece of colored wood and others try to get it. Finally, the one with the object gives a yell and runs out center with all the rest, except Tewani, Ahtowan, Soyomi and Hotewa, after him pell mell, laughing and yelling.*)

TEWANI. I wish I could laugh, today, half as easily as they do.

HOTWEA. So do I.

AHTOWAN. Ha! Ha! (*Slaps knee in laughter.*) You two! Chief of Oraibi and leader of the Flute Priests. No wonder

you're so full of care and worry! But the Hopis, (*Gestures after people.*) they are too carefree,—too light-hearted,—too joyful—to be solemn.

SOYOMI. (*Comically.*) Aye! that's true! *It's no use to be solemn!* If you had a wife, Hotewa, you'd know.

TEWANI. I believe my people would play in the very face of death.

AHTOWAN. The face of death is all about us, Tewani. Death lies too near us desert folk for us to *fear* it. If we *did* think about it we should never smile at all. So it's good that the Hopis are light-hearted. Happy and carefree, they get the most out of life.

HOTEWA. But it is good for *some* to take the cares of the people.

TEWANI. Is everything ready for the dance, Hotewa?

HOTEWA. Yes, all is ready.

TEWANI. Dance well today, my boy. The rain alone will save us.

HOTEWA. In the faith of the Gods of old I shall lead the Flute Dance.

TEWANI. And tonight we shall feast.

AHTOWAN. Yes, if there is left any corn to feast on. You must be strong, Hotewa. The people look to you today to lead the dance well. Go and make ready and place a Baho at the spring.

WATOBE. (*Outside.*) Soyomi, oh Soyomi!

SOYOMI. (*Dejectedly.*) And I must to my labors go.

(*Enter Nampeyo above—smiles at Hotewa as he goes out and waves to him. Exit Hotewa to Kiva, and Soyomi center.*)

NAMPEYO. Father, oh father!

TEWANI. Yes, my child.

NAMPEYO. Come, the corn is parched and ready.

(*Exit Nampeyo thru the Chief's doorway.*)

TEWANI. (*To Ahtowan.*) Do you remember, Ahtowan, when we played together, we three in those days so long ago? How like her mother she is!

AHTOWAN. Yes, Tewani, I remember. I can still see the little houses we used to make of mud and pebbles. We used to say we would always live together, but you won her,—and

now—she is gone. But you have little Nampeyo. *We all have little Nampeyo.*

(Cochewa enters center, tottering along.)

TEWANI. No longer little, but grown to womanhood. She is the light of my house, Ahtowan, and I can not bear to think of losing her, and yet—

AHTOWAN. *(Quickly.)* And yet?

COCHEWA. What—is our little birdling going to fly away?

TEWANI. Not far, Cochewa, not far.

COCHEWA. Well I remember, Tewani, when *her* mother was a tiny baby, and I carried her out to see the sun for the first time. That was long ago, but I still remember how she rubbed her eyes with her little fists and cried as the sun rose over Dokoslid.

TEWANI. And now her daughter is a woman.

COCHEWA. Just at the age of Hotewa.

NAMPEYO. *(From doorway.)* Come father.

TEWANI. Yes, little one, I am coming. *(Starts up ladder.)*

AHTOWAN. But who is he? To whom are you going to give our little girl?

COCHEWA. He must be happy who is going to possess her.

TEWANI. Even as I was years ago when her mother came to me. *(Matter of fact.)* Yes, tonight the wedding ceremony is to begin.

AHTOWAN. But who?

COCHEWA. Yes, is it—

TEWANI. *(Suddenly and rather sharply.)* It is Tanto!

COCHEWA. *(Surprised.)* Tanto? Why I thot—

TEWANI. Tonight the ceremonial baskets will be laid before the door. *I have promised it,* and I never yet have broken a promise.

(Tewani climbs ladder. Exit thru his doorway.)

COCHEWA. *(Looking after him, talking to self.)* Nampeyo married to Tanto?

AHTOWAN. *(Starting off, right.)* Come with me Cochewa.

COCHEWA. *(Tottering after and looking back at times.)* Yes—but—I don't understand. Hotewa is—is—

AHTOWAN. Come.

(As they pass the Kiva Hotewa comes out. Cochewa stops.)

COCHEWA. Hotewa, my son.

HOTewa. What is it, my father?

COCHEWA. I have brought you up as my own child, Hotewa, I want to see you happy.

HOTewa. I am sure of it father.

COCHEWA. Look well to the dance today. You are the only one who knows the secret words.

HOTewa. With the help of the Gods I shall lead it well.

COCHEWA. And do not grieve, my son, over Nampeyo.

HOTewa. (*Smiling.*) Why grieve? She is—

COCHEWA. What?

HOTewa. She is to marry me,—after the rain has come.

COCHEWA. (*Quickly.*) She is to marry Tanto.

HOTewa. Who?

COCHEWA. The Chief has promised it.

HOTewa. Tanto?

COCHEWA. Yes!

HOTewa. Why—why—

COCHEWA. *The Chief has sworn it. He told us but a moment ago.*

HOTewa. (*Turning away.*) Oh, I feared it. I feared it. Tanto is great, Tanto is powerful, Tanto is rich, and I—I am only a flute dancer.

COCHEWA. You will be the saviour of your people.

HOTewa. (*Rather bitterly.*) And lose Nampeyo? Go Cochewa, go. I must speak to her alone.

(*Exit Cochewa and Ahtowan, right. Hotewa starts toward house. Hears young men's voices off left and goes to Kiva. Enter Tanto, Ahwante, Notawa, Iowano, Yowytewa, lower left.*)

AHWANTE. Tell us.

OTHERS. (*Except Tanto.*) Yes, tell us. What is it?

TANTO. (*Haughtily.*) Wait,—till tonight.

OTHERS. No, now. Tell us now.

TANTO. Well, I'll tell you. You know our pretty Nampeyo?

OTHERS. Yes?

TANTO. How do you like her?

AHWANTE. Most beautiful of all our women.

TANTO. Yes?

NOTAWA. Her father has much corn.

TANTO. Yes?

YOWYTEWA. And he's the Chief.

TANTO. (*More gleefully.*) Yes!

IOWANO. They say that Hotewa—

TANTO. Hotewa? What of Hotewa?

IOWANO. The people say that Hotewa and she will be—

TANTO. Go on.

IOWANO. Be married.

TANTO. (*Braggingly.*) O ho! The people say that, do they? Ha! Ha! Well, here's the time both the people and Hotewa are fooled. Listen! Tonight I lay the baskets of marriage before the door of pretty Nampeyo. As soon as the dance is over our marriage ceremony is to begin.

OTHERS. What! You, Tanto?

TANTO. Yes, I, Tanto! The Chief, Tewani, promised me not an hour ago.

IOWANO. But what of Hotewa?

TANTO. Hotewa be damned. What care I for Hotewa? Why does everyone make such a fuss over Hotewa?

IOWANO. Hotewa is to lead the Flute Dance.

TANTO. Well, what of that?

IOAWANO. We look to him to bring the rain.

TANTO. (*Scornfully.*) Yes? Well you just *watch* for all the rain *he* brings. And as for Nampeyo, *watch me*.

YOWYTEWA. What does Nampeyo say?

TANTO. (*Pause.*) The chief has promised it!

YOWYTEWA. Look—there she comes now.

(*Enter Nampeyo above. She waves at group. They are talking together. She descends ladder.*)

AHWANTE. And how is Nampeyo this morning? Um hakani, Nampeyo?

NAMPEYO. Lolomi, Quatze! I am happy.

YOWYTEWA. As always.

NAMPEYO. Yes, as always. Now I go to get our last corn. Oh, but we'll get some more somehow, I'm sure.

TANTO. Let me go with you and carry it.

NAMPEYO. You, Tanto?

TANTO. Yes.

NAMPEYO. (*Turns her back.*) No, I would rather you wouldn't. Come, Ahwante, *you* will carry my corn, won't you?

(Takes him off with her, center.)

(All look at Tanto for a minute, then laugh.)

NOTAWA. *So?* You're going to marry Nampeyo, are you?

TANTO. *(Furiously.)* Wait and see.

(Exit Tanto angrily, left.)

NOTAWA. The Hopi woman usually rules the household, but perhaps the *Chief* is master in *his* house.

IOWANO. But how did Tanto get him to promise?

YOWYTEWA. Oh, he tricked him somehow.

(Exit Notawa, Yowytewa and Iowano, center, saying together—"Yes, that's right," etc. When they have gone the chant is heard from behind scenes. Nampeyo and Ahwante come in with corn. They climb the ladder and Ahwante gives her the corn at her doorway. With a "Thank you, Ahwante," she goes in, and he exits rear 2, after looking after her a moment. Then Hotewa slowly comes from Kiva, whistles an odd, bird-like whistle under Nampeyo's doorway. Enter Nampeyo; looks around and sees Hotewa below.)

NAMPEYO. *(With feeling.)* Hotewa.

HOTewa. *(Sadly and tenderly.)* Nampeyo.

NAMPEYO. What is it? You look weary. What is the matter? Is it the drought—or the dance?

HOTewa. No, little one, not that.

NAMPEYO. What, then. Come, tell your Nampeyo. *(She sits on edge. Hotewa climbs ladder until he is even with her.)* Now tell me. *(Touches his hair with her finger.)* Perhaps I can help you.

HOTewa. Don't you know already?

NAMPEYO. No, what is it?

HOTewa. Haven't you heard?

NAMPEYO. *(Cheerfully.)* Haven't I heard? Why no, only the memory of your voice. I hear that always. Come, what is it that frightens my Hotewa?

HOTewa. Not long, Nampeyo, can you call me *your* Hotewa.

NAMPEYO. What! Why not?

HOTewa. *(Slowly.)* Because tonight, my little peach

blossom,—tonight the ceremonies are to begin, and you are to become the bride of—*(Pause as Nampeyo starts and leans forward, breathing heavily)*—TANTO.

(Nampeyo starts back. Pause, then she leans slowly over to Hotewa and whispers in a terrible tone.)

NAMPEYO. TANTO!

HOTewa. Yes, Tanto. The Chief, your father, has promised it.

NAMPEYO. *(Tensely.)* To him?

HOTewa. Yes.

NAMPEYO. Oh, but I *shall* not. I care nothing for Tanto. It is you, Hotewa, whom I am going to marry.

(Touches his forehead.)

HOTewa. My Sipala Lolomi!

NAMPEYO. It is for me to decide. In a Hopi house is not the woman master?

HOTewa. Aye!

NAMPEYO. Then, shall I marry whom I hate? No, never. Hotewa, it is *you* whom I shall marry.

(Clings to him.)

HOTewa. *(Slowly.)* Yes, the woman is master in Hopi-land, but—

NAMPEYO. What?

HOTewa. You know your father. He has *promised it*, and that is the end. *(Nampeyo sinks back disconsolate.)* Oh, Nampeyo, that which I have feared so long has come. And so I have come—to say—goodbye—to—you. I can never call you again as I have called you now.

NAMPEYO. *(Wonderingly.)* Good bye?—Good bye? *(Pause, then she leans forward and clings to him. He puts his arm gently around her.)* Must you and I say good bye? No, no! *(Passionately.)* NO! *(Leans on him.)* MY Hotewa, NO!—Oh, I can't think! Tanto, Tanto. Oh, Hotewa, hold me. Press closer to me and give me strength. Listen, have you talked with my father?

HOTewa. No, but you know whatever he has promised must be done.

NAMPEYO. And *has* he promised?

HOTewa. Yes, *promised*. Cochewa told me. And the baskets are to be placed before your door tonight.

NAMPEYO. (*Questioningly.*) And are you going to let—me—go?

HOTewa. No, no! I cannot let you go.

NAMPEYO. Hotewa!

HOTewa. (*Helplessly.*) But what can I do? I am no chief. I am not even *rich* like—Tanto.

NAMPEYO. They say today you are to lead the Flute Dance. *Today* all Oraibi looks to *you*.

HOTewa. Your father has promised Tanto.

NAMPEYO. (*Slowly.*) And as he promises, so must it be. And yet—I wonder.

HOTewa. (*Quickly.*) What?

NAMPEYO. Listen, Hotewa. You know away far off across the desert—

HOTewa. Yes.

NAMPEYO. Where the big river runs between the hills?

HOTewa. Yes?

NAMPEYO. There live our blood brothers, the Tehuas.

HOTewa. Yes.

NAMPEYO. Hotewa, my brave one, can *we* not go there?

HOTewa. Yes, strong-hearted; yes, that is the way. (*Clasps her to him.*)

NAMPEYO. We will forget all else but *you* and *me*.

HOTewa. Remember, it is a long journey, Nampeyo.

NAMPEYO. *We* are strong.

HOTewa. The way is rough, even for men.

NAMPEYO. What! Think you I am a weakling?

HOTewa. (*Looking at her.*) Ah, *no*, Sipala. Who should know better than I your strength of limb and body?

NAMPEYO. Do you remember that day when you and I traveled across the desert to Dokoslid's top and back, between the rising and the setting of the sun?

HOTewa. Do you think I could *forget* it?

NAMPEYO. Then say no more of the hardness of the journey. Even tho I am a woman I am strong. Why should *we* fear the desert?

HOTewa. With such spirit we could conquer an hundred deserts.

NAMPEYO. And if the ceremony is to begin today we must not wait. Take your bow, and I will take my beads. We can buy corn with them until you can grow some of our own.

HOTEWA. Yes, soon we shall grow some of our very own. And we will build a house to live in.

NAMPEYO. A house of stone.

HOTEWA. Just like—

NAMPEYO. Yes?

HOTEWA. (*Slowly.*) Just like the dear old houses of Oraibi.

NAMPEYO. (*Musingly.*) Where we grew up thru all that happy playtime.

HOTEWA. Where little Hotewa learned to love little Nampeyo.

NAMPEYO. Yes, Hotewa, we have grown up to it thru all these happy years. Haven't we?

HOTEWA. (*Thoughtfully.*) Dear old Oraibi! How many times its ancient walls have listened to the loves of Hopi youths and maidens!

NAMPEYO. It is where our fathers lived—and died.

HOTEWA. Where they worshipped the Gods of old. Listen! In the Kiva they are chanting.

(*They are silent as the faint sound of the chant is heard proceeding from the Kiva.*)

Oh, Nampeyo, for you I would brave a thousand deserts. For you I—and yet, beloved, somehow—oh, forgive me.

NAMPEYO. What is it?

HOTEWA. The tribe! They have chosen me to lead the Flute Dance.

NAMPEYO. Many others could lead the dance.

HOTEWA. I alone know the secret rites. The tribe looks to me today to bring the rain.

NAMPEYO. Can we not wait until the dance is done?

HOTEWA. No, for then the ceremony will begin. Besides they will be watching. We could not get away. Oh, Nampeyo, is there no other way?

NAMPEYO. (*Slowly and sadly—looking steadily at him.*) No, Hotewa,—no other way! It is—that—or—TANTO.

HOTEWA. *(Startled at the name.) Then go we shall! Today! Before the dance it must be. Once the ceremony is begun there is no turning back. Before the sun is set we must be far away.*

NAMPEYO. On the trail to the Tehuas!

HOTEWA. To the Tehuas. Listen, Nampeyo! You must stay until after the dance begins. Then you can slip away unnoticed, because they will not miss *you* while the dance is on. Meanwhile I will make ready and go at once to the spot where the trail enters the shadow of Dokoslid. They will miss me, I know, but once gone they will never find Hotewa. Be strong, little one, and we shall meet again. Go now and make ready.

NAMPEYO. And you?

HOTEWA. I will make ready, too. And in the Kiva I will make a Baho to plant at the spring as a prayer that the Katchinas may forgive us, and send rain to the Hopituh. Oh, my peach bloom,—Sipala of my heart!

(They press close a moment. Then, as Hotewa starts to descend the ladder. Nampeyo leans forward and kisses his forehead.)

NAMPEYO. To meet again under Dokoslid.

(Nampeyo starts to go. He watches her until she has disappeared in her father's doorway. There is a pause for a moment as Hotewa holds the pose.)

MOOA. *(Outside.)* I tell you if the rain doesn't come we shall all die.

TAWASE. *(Outside.)* Put another Baho at the spring, Mooa. Surely the Gods will send rain before we *all* die.

MOOA. *(Outside.)* I begin to fear that the Gods have forgotten us.

(Terrible sobbing heard in doorway next to Mooa's house where Matase lives.)

MATASE. *(Outside.)* Ai—ee, ai—ee! *(Then a scream and a voice crying.)* My baby, my baby. Dead! Oh Patan, God of the Hopituh, is my baby dead? *(Enter Matase from her doorway, sobbing and crying, carrying body of baby, her hair flying down her back. She does not see Hotewa. Holds out body, then sinks down sobbing, and covering it with kisses.)*

Oh, my baby, my baby! Come back baby, oh come back. (*Rocks it, singing Hopi lullaby.*) Pu-va, Pu-va. Oh! Dead! (*Throws back her hair, showing staring eyes and face red with tears.*) Ha, ha, ha! (*Hysterical laughter, then gasping sobs.*) Oh, my baby. (*Rocks it and holds it close.*) Come back to me. Come back!—No, NO! It is better so, if the rain comes not we shall all die. (*Tenderly.*) Better now! Better now! (*Hotewa is deeply affected.*) Yes, little one, sleep, sleep. (*Sings Hopi lullaby.*) Today they dance the Flute Dance; then perhaps the rain will come. Oh, why could you not have lived till then, my baby? (*She staggers to her feet, holding the body closely. Reels and starts to fall but is saved by Hotewa who jumps out and catches her.*)

HOTEWA. There, Matase, be quiet. The little one is not thirsty now.

(*Matase bursts into sobs.*)

MATASE. Hotewa! Hotewa. Dance the Flute Dance well today. We look to *you* to save us. *You! You!* No one else can save the tribe of the Hopituh.

(*Hotewa is silent. He takes the hysterical Matase into her house. Comes out again and starts toward Kiva.*)

(*Enter Cochewa, Ahtowan, and Dokoya.*)

AHTOWAN. Why, Hotewa! Why aren't you in the Kiva getting ready for the dance?

HOTEWA. I am going there now, but other things have kept me.

AHTOWAN. What others, Hotewa? What is more important today than the Flute Dance?

HOTEWA. (*Reluctantly.*) The baby of Matase is dead.

COCHEWA. (*Slowly, hardly comprehending.*) Dead? Matase's baby?

HOTEWA. Yes, she is in there with it now.

COCHEWA. Woe, woe to the Hopituh. When the children die then the tribe dies. Hotewa, my son, you must lead the dance well today. (*Hotewa does not speak, but looks away.*) Yes, my boy, you must lead it so well that the Katchinas on the sacred mountain will hear our prayer for rain. (*Totters to doorway.*) Matase, Matase, my daughter.

(Exit Cochewa thru Matase's doorway. Sobs heard within.)

AHTOWAN. It was her only one—the last of its clan. If no others come to her then the line of Cochewa will be no more.

DOKOYA. May the Gods grant her many!

AHTOWAN. *(Going on with thot.)* But if the rain doesn't come soon, the *whole tribe* of the Hopituh will be only a desert memory. Hotewa, you are the man. Today we shall watch you in the dance as you pray with the sacred flute for the people of peace. *(To others.)* Come, let us leave him to make ready.

(Exit all but Hotewa. He sits on bench, head on hands. Looks up.)

HOTEWA. *(Aghast.)* To me? Hotewa? The tribe looks to me today. *(Hand to forehead.)* I can't think. Oh Nampeyo! my Nampeyo! What shall I do? *(Flute melody heard, soft and plaintive.)* Listen, the sacred flute. *(Walks slowly toward Kiva.)* On the altar of my fathers I will ask for help. *(Slowly descends ladder as flute keeps playing.)*

CURTAIN

End of Scene I

Quick change of scenery as arranged so that curtain rises on Scene II very shortly.

ACT 1. SCENE II.

THE KIVA

(As curtain rises Kiva is very dark—light comes in only from opening in roof where the ladder leads out. In one corner is a little fire and around it sit three priests, naked but for their breech cloths. One is playing on a Hopi flute, while another softly beats a drum. HOTEWA ENTERS ABOVE AND SLOWLY DESCENDS THE LADDER. Thruout the scene the flute melody keeps going, now soft, now loud, and a low chant at intervals. At the foot of the ladder Hotewa looks around him, then goes to other end of Kiva where the wall is



AT THE ENTRANCE TO THE KIVA

covered with a fantastic painting. Here he kneels on the ground. (Not especially before the picture, but merely in the attitude of reverence.) For a while he does not speak. Then as the chant is heard he begins.)

HOTEWA. God of my fathers! Father of the Hopi people! Oh, leader of thy people, guide me aright this day. Help me to choose. (*Flute grows louder.*) Oh, ruler of the thunder and father of men, give me a sign. It is a sign I pray for. Send me some sign to point me on my way.

(*Stage suddenly darkens entirely. Flute and chant are silent. Then slowly in the back the vision appears of Nampeyo sitting with an unfinished basket beside her. In her arms is a baby to which she is singing. She sings the Natoma lullaby. Meanwhile Hotewa starts up with his arms outstretched. She looks at him and smiles, and then the vision slowly fades.*)

HOTEWA. Is this a dream or can it be true? Nampeyo! Oh, Nampeyo, is this the sign from the Gods. Dream of my heart, my dear one, I will go! I will make ready and hasten to Dokoslid. (*Rubs eyes.*) What is this?

(*Another vision appears. People starving. The men stagger along, thirst is killing them. Hotewa buries his face in his hands to keep from seeing the horrible sight. Others walk in. Two men fight for a cup of dirty water. One sinks down, too weak to struggle. An old man is seen stretching his hands up to heaven.*)

Oh, father of the Hopituh, giver of the rain, is this my sign?

(*Old man falls over dead.*)

Nampeyo, Nampeyo, come back to me. (*Hides face in hands.*) Oh, my Nampeyo, must I give you up—and to him? No, I will not.

(*Looks again at vision. The flute begins to play again. He listens.*)

The flute of the Gods. Are they looking to me today to save the tribe from—this? I cannot go. I cannot leave in this time of need. God of my fathers, I accept your sign. Today I shall lead the ancient Flute Dance. Today I give myself to save the tribe.

(The vision slowly fades out, and in the Kiva the priests chant softly as the curtain slowly descends and hides Hotewa as he kneels upon the ground looking toward where the vision had been.)

CURTAIN

END OF SCENE II.

END OF ACT I.

ACT II.

“WITH FLUTES THEY PRAY TO THE RAINGODS”

ACT II. SCENE I.

THE PUEBLO

(Curtain discloses Pueblo as in Act I, Scene I. Dokoya sits on bench of house. People seated about him on ground laugh as curtain rises.)

DOKOYA. Yes, that's how the fox got his bushy tail.

SOYOMI. He was brave. I tell you, I like to hear how he fixed his wife.

AHWANTE. Like you fix yours, eh?

(Others all laugh.)

SOYOMI. Well, you don't have to remind me of it, do you?

YOWYTEWA. Tell us another story, Dokoya.

OTHERS. Yes, tell us another.

NOTAWA. Tell us about Le-lang-uh.

DOKOYA. How many times I have told the tale to you!

PEOPLE. Tell us again. Tell us again!

AHWANTE. Today they dance the Flute Dance. Tell us of Le-lang-uh.

DOKOYA. It is a long tale. Longer than the one about the fox. How well you know the story!

PEOPLE. Tell us anyway. Tell us.

DOKOYA. Of Le-lang-uh it shall be then. *(Changes demeanor and gestures for silence.)* Aliksai! In Oraibi the people were living. And it was many plantings ago—before even all our clans had come to us. And there came one day a man to Oraibi, at a time of great drought, when all the people were dying of thirst.

WOMAN. Even as now we thirst.

DOKOYA. Aye, even as now. He was tall, this man, and his skin was as white as the rocks of Weepo. The people treated him kindly. They gave him a house to live in and part of their last corn to eat, because they thot he was a God—perhaps a Katchina come to live in Oraibi. But he said not a word of who he was.

YOWYTEWA. Who was he?

DOKOYA. Have patience. For two years no rain had come

and many Hopis died. *And the spring was dry. (This last very slowly.)*

PEOPLE. (*With horror.*) Oh! The spring dry!

DOKOYA. There was no water in all Tusayan. Then one day the strange man said: "Do you believe in the Gods?" And the people answered, "Yes!" Then he said: "If you want rain, do as I tell you." So he went to his house and got a flute—such as Tusayan had never seen before—the *sacred blue flute of the Gods*.

NOTAWA. The one Hotewa is to play today!

DOKOYA. The very one. "Make you flutes like this," the stranger said to the old men, and they did. Then he said, "Come with me!" So the men took the flutes they had made and dressed as he dressed and followed him down the trail. But when they came to the spring he stopped, and there he taught them to play the flutes—taught them the sacred music that will call the Gods. But to Sa-to-be-ah he taught the secret words of the *Lelentiwa*—the holy, secret, prayers. "Keep these words in your heart," said he to Sa-to-be-ah, "and forget them not. But teach them to your son and let them be taught to his son and unto *his* in turn, so they be never forgot in Tusayan."

YOWYTEWA. Who speaks them today?

DOKOYA. Hotewa. When Cochewa had no son he took Hotewa and taught him all he knew, so that today he is to lead the dance.

IOWANO. But what of the stranger?

DOKOYA. Aliksai! "I am *Le-lang-uh*," he said when he had taught them the sacred songs and secrets. "And I come from the sunrise by the big waters of the ocean."

PEOPLE. Oh! The ocean!

DOKOYA. "Do as I do and you shall have rain," said he. So they all did as he did and danced the dance of flutes until the clouds came and the rain poured over the desert.

AHWANTE. But what about *Le-lang-uh*?

DOKOYA. Aliksai! Into the clouds he went, and no one has ever seen him since, save *Oh-ti-o-ma*, who said he saw him dancing with the *Katchinas* on the *sacred peaks*. And ever since then the Hopis have danced the *Flute Dance* to pray

the Gods for rain, and the sacred flute has always been handed down from father to son. Aliksai!

(He holds up his hands as a signal that he is finished.)

AHWANTE. Today Cochewa gives it to Hotewa.

YOWYTEWA. And with it the secrets.

AHWANTE. The secrets of the sacred flute.

SOYOMI. I like the fox story better.

YOWYTEWA. Why?

SOYOMI. Because he gets even with his wife.

YOWYTEWA. Why don't you do that, too?

SOYOMI. *(Decidedly.)* I'm going to. I'm going to do it right now. I'm going to fix her right.

(Exit Soyomi bravely.)

AHTOWAN. Soyomi's always heedless in time of danger.

(Others laugh. People are getting up to leave when Matase rushes in with half filled water jar.)

MATASE. The spring! *(Falls on face in front of people who crowd around.)* The spring is dry.

(People all exclaim.)

Dry! *(A scream.)* Oh, my baby. I will be with you soon. The spring is dry.

(Cochewa totters in.)

COCHEWA. What is it?

AHTOWAN. She says the spring is dry.

COCHEWA. *(Bending over Matase.)* Matase, my daughter, tell me.

MATASE. Dry! We shall all die soon.

(People show feeling.)

COCHEWA. Woe to the Hopituh! Not while I have lived has the spring done dry. Where is Hotewa?

AHTOWAN. In the Kiva.

COCHEWA. Tell him the life of Tusayan is in his hands. He alone can save us.

(Tawase rushes in.)

TAWASE. The spring is dry. Come and see.

(Excited people rush off after her. Cochewa stays and helps Matase to her house. He then starts out after them when Nampeyo enters above and calls to him.)

NAMPEYO. Cochewa.

(He stops and she comes down ladder.)

COCHEWA. What is it my child?

NAMPEYO. Oh, Cochewa, I *must* talk to someone. You have always been my friend.

COCHEWA. Who is there who is not a friend of Nampeyo? And who could blame her for feeling sad?

NAMPEYO. You know, then?

COCHEWA. Yes.

NAMPEYO. Oh, but I *won't* marry *Tanto*. I can't.

COCHEWA. It's hard, I know.

NAMPEYO. No, I can't. I won't. I shall marry Hotewa.

COCHEWA. Hush, my child.

NAMPEYO. Yes, I *will* marry Hotewa.

COCHEWA. I know you love Hotewa. But it is promised.
The Gods—

NAMPEYO. I promised no one. No, I *shall* not. I am going away.

COCHEWA. Where?

NAMPEYO. We are going—Hotewa and I.

COCHEWA. And leave the tribe—to—die?

NAMPEYO. We are going to the Tehuas. He is to meet me on the trail. You are the only one I can tell, Cochewa. You are Hotewa's father. You can understand.

COCHEWA. (*Slowly.*) Yes, I think perhaps I *can* understand.

NAMPEYO. Do you?

COCHEWA. (*Slowly.*) I, too, was young once—long ago.

NAMPEYO. Then you know. Oh, tell good bye to my father for me. (*Bitterly.*) He has driven me away.

(*Exit Nampeyo, center.*)

COCHEWA. (*Looking after her.*) Going away—you and Hotewa. Yes, I was young once. I know the fire of youth, but oh, Gods that my fathers worshipped, hear me. Take my son, Hotewa, and lead him aright. Make him to see the way. Guide him who this day must save *the tribe* from death.

(*As Cochewa says this, Hotewa comes from Kiva. Sees Cochewa, runs to him, and kneels before him.*)

HOTWEA. Father, forgive me.

COCHEWA. (*Turning.*) My son!

HOTWEA. All that you taught me I would have thrown away.

COCHEWA. (*Raising him tenderly.*) Tell me, Hotewa.

HOTewa. But I have seen the vision sent from the Gods. I have seen the way.

COCHEWA. May the Gods be praised! Speak, my son, tell me.

HOTewa. *Wretch*, I am! I would have thrown all away.

COCHEWA. I think I know. It was Nampeyo.

HOTewa. (*Nods.*) She and I were going to run away. Going to leave everything, and trust to getting safely across the desert. *I would have done it.* But now—oh, father, *can* I stay and see her married to Tanto?

COCHEWA. (*Slowly.*) You must, my son.

HOTewa. I must? *I will.*

COCHEWA. A *man* has come to Tusayan. The Gods have answered my prayer.

HOTewa. As they always do, father. (*Pause.*) But how can I see her mar—

COCHEWA. (*Interrupting.*) My son, if you can save the tribe, what matters it whether you *save your* life or *lose* it, whether you gain your will or lose it? You are the only one who can play this day the sacred flute of the Gods. I played it many times but my lips are parched and old. You alone can lead the priests of the Lenya. You alone know the secrets of the Blue Flute Clan. Go, Hotewa, and make ready. The Gods will not forget.

(*Hotewa, a smile of victory on his face, starts toward Kiva. Turns and looks back toward Cochewa.*)

Surely Those Above are gracious to me, an old man. I have not long to live. May my son lead well the sacred dance.

(*Hotewa exits to Kiva. Cochewa watches him and then totters off left. Noise heard in house and Soyomi enters running, with Watobe after him, brandishing pestle.*)

WATOBÉ. Hi, you, Soyomi! Come here.

(*Soyomi keeps on running.*)

You'll argue with me, will you?

SOYOMI. (*Over his shoulder.*) I'm not arguing.

WATOBÉ. I'll show you. You come here. (*Soyomi keeps on going. Exit on other side of stage. Watobe runs out after him.*) Come and grind your corn.

(*Noise outside.*)

SOYOMI. (*Outside.*) Ouch! Ouch! I say! Oh, my head!

WATOBE. (*Outside.*) (*Ironically.*) Your head! You come here with me now. (*Enters leading Soyomi by ear.*) I'll teach you to contradict me. Take that—and that—and that. (*Hits him.*)

SOYOMI. Ouch! Oh, I'm killed! I'm killed!

WATOBE. No, you aren't. But you'll wish you *were*.—Come along now.

(*He sneaks away as she goes around corner of house. Starts to run but trips over bench and falls sprawling on the ground. Watobe goes after him.*)

SOYOMI. Woe is me! Ai—ee! Ai—ee! Eternal torment!

WATOBE. Eternal torment, eh? So that's how you appreciate me, is it? (*Begins to cry.*) Boo, hoo! Here I've slaved for you, and worked for you, and watched over you *all these years*.

(*Soyomi rises and goes to her. She has meanwhile seated herself on the bench before the house. As she utters the last three words, rocking to and fro on the bench, Soyomi turns toward audience.*)

SOYOMI. Boo, hoo! *All these years.*

(*But he really is touched and sits beside her, his arm around her, and both rock back and forth crying in unison.*)

WATOBE. Boo, hoo! Here I've been a burden to you.

SOYOMI. No, you haven't. You're just the dearest, nicest, finest little woman in—

WATOBE. No, I'm not. Boo, hoo!

SOYOMI. Yes, you are!

WATOBE. I'm not!

SOYOMI. You are!

WATOBE. I'm not!

SOYOMI. You are!

WATOBE. I'm not. I won't have you contradict me. I'll—I'll—you come home with me now.

(*Grabs poor Soyomi by ear and leads him off. As they go off Soyomi turns toward audience.*)

SOYOMI. I take it all back.

(*Flute priest comes in playing softly. Stands by Kiva opening. Chant heard from below. Priest whirls Bull Roarer and Mooa appears at opening.*)

FLUTE PRIEST. (*Solemnly.*) The time is come.

MOOA. Aliksai! It is well.

FLUTE PRIEST. Already the shadow of Dokoslid touches the trail to Sityatki. It is the hour to call the people.

MOOA. I am ready. (*Throws a little cornmeal and some white confetti into air. Both watch it intently as it falls.*) The signs are good.

(*Mooa starts to climb ladder. Hotewa enters from Kiva partly clad for the dance. As he nears center exit, Nampeyo enters there. She sees him—starts back. Then slowly speaks.*)

NAMPEYO. Hotewa! (*He turns away.*) Hotewa! Why are you here? Why not at Dokoslid? (*No answer.*) Why not at Dokoslid?

HOTewa. (*Slowly.*) The Gods have stayed me.

NAMPEYO. (*Putting out her hand.*) Aren't you going?

HOTewa. I cannot.

NAMPEYO. Why not?

HOTewa. I must stay.

NAMPEYO. Why?

HOTewa. Because the Gods command it. Because I cannot leave the tribe. I am the only one, Nampeyo,. If I stay we *may* have life. If I go, death will surely come to all.

NAMPEYO. But me! Have you forgotten me?

HOTewa. (*Passionately.*) Nampeyo!

NAMPEYO. Have you forgotten *Tanto*?

HOTewa. (*Starts as if struck. Slowly recovers,—hand to forehead. Then he takes Nampeyo's hand, leads her to right and points.*) See the fields there where the corn is growing, and the melon vines are winding over the sand. See the Hopi fields,—how they stretch out over the desert land. Can I run away from these?

(*Turns and points back at Pueblo.*)

See the children playing by the doorway and the people in the houses. Can I forsake them? Must they all die like Matase's baby?

(*The chant is heard from the Kiva.*)

Listen,—the priests of the sacred flute are chanting in the Kiva. Can I leave them, I—the only one who knows the ancient words? Nampeyo, the Gods have spoken. *I must stay.*

NAMPEYO. (*Slowly turning to him, clasping his hands in*

her's, and speaking in a low voice.) Yes, Hotewa, you must. *(Suddenly sobs, throws her arms about his neck, and leans on him.)* Oh, I see it all now, how selfish I've been,—how terribly selfish. I wanted you—wanted you for my own—and I couldn't see. I couldn't understand.

HOTewa. But you do now?

NAMPEYO. Yes, my Hotewa, *I do.*

MOOA. *(From above, beginning his call.)* Hear ye—people of Oraibi. The hour is come.

HOTewa. *(Looking up.)* It is Mooa.

MOOA. Hear ye! They are to dance the Dance of Flutes. *(Enter Cochewa, Ahtowan, Tewani, and several others.)*

HOTewa. I must go.

MOOA. With flutes they pray to the Rain Gods.

(Enter Tanto, young men, and Nikano.)

HOTewa. Good bye! *(Still clinging to one of her hands.)*

NAMPEYO. Good bye! *(Pause, then quickly adds.)* May the Gods watch over you,—for—ever. *(Drops his hand.)*

(Tanto watches them, and haughtily draws back as Hotewa comes by.)

TANTO. *(To others.)* Make way for the flute priest. *(Hotewa stops and looks at him.)* Let him pass. Back!

HOTewa. *(Quietly.)* Haven't you mocked me enough, Tanto, without adding *this?*

TANTO. Ha, ha! With all your scheming I have *beat* you.

HOTewa. *(Strongly.)* Tanto!

TANTO. Ha, ha!

MOOA. Come to the sacred dance. Ai—ee—ee!

TANTO. *(Contemptuously.)* He calls you to come, rain-bringer.

HOTewa. *(Slowly and quietly, yet passionately.)* Lolomi! You shall have cause, Tanto, to call me that.

(Exit to Kiva.)

MOOA. The hour is come.

(People meanwhile have gathered on the stage. Some sit on edge of roofs. Cochewa starts up ladder.)

COCHEWA. Help me, Mooa, I am getting old. I can't climb these ladders as I used to.

(Mooa helps him. When he gets on top he looks around him.)

No cloud. No sign of rain from heaven.

(Mooa climbs down and goes to Kiva. Pause, then a priest appears, center—the crowd respectfully stands back as he comes slowly forward. He walks to the mouth of the Kiva. Swings Bull Roarer. A priest appears in Kiva opening.)

KIVA PRIEST. Who are you?

OTHER PRIEST. A stranger.

KIVA PRIEST. Whence come you?

OTHER PRIEST. From far away.

KIVA PRIEST. What errand brings you?

OTHER PRIEST. I call the dance of Le-lang-uh. Are you ready, Priest of Oraibi?

KIVA PRIEST. We are ready.

OTHER PRIEST. Then call the priests of the Lenya.

(Kiva priest raises hand for silence to people, and chant I is heard very low in Kiva. The two priests stand side by side near Kiva. Both start to play flutes. All the priests except Hotewa slowly file out of Kiva, chanting low. Man with aspergill leads slow march around stage.)

NIKANO. They come to dance. Come, Tanto, let us watch them.

(Nikano climbs to first roof, followed by Tanto. The priests stand in line near the wall. Three with flutes. The first two start Chant II as other is finished and strangely accent it by stamping with one foot. Girl's chorus of eight file in and line up facing the men. Chant—to tune of "Aooah" by Lieurance—Flute Maidens and Flute Priests. Girls singing first two lines of each stanza alone.)

God of our fathers

Do not forget.

Hear us; save us;

Send us the rain.

With flute and song

We call upon Thee.

Hear us; save us;

Send us the rain.

Spread Thy white clouds

Over all Tusayan.

Hear us; save us;

Send us the rain.

For we are faithful
To Thy commands.
Hear us; save us;
Send us the rain.

Hear us and save us,
Send us the rain of life.
Heed Thou Thy people—
Praying to Thee.

(Then comes the slow figure march of the Flute Dance. One leads drawing cloud figures of corn meal ahead of the company as they march along. This is a very slow, weird, ceremony.)

NIKANO. No clouds answer them.

COCHEWA. No clouds!

(All priests and dancers make circuit of stage stamping on hollow place and chanting. Hotewa appears at Kiva opening.)

PEOPLE. *(As Hotewa appears.)* It is Hotewa.

(He has a blue flute in his hand, decorated with a bright colored string. He is dressed somewhat more elaborately than the others. The man with the aspergill sprinkles holy water to the six directions, and a flute sounds as he crosses stage.)

COCHEWA. No cloud yet.

NIKANO. See! They blow their flutes to no avail.

(Chant I again, all swaying bodies in time and accompanied with flutes and tom-toms. Nikano remarks once in a while, and Cochewa also. Chant begins faster now.—Chant III.)

COCHEWA. There is no cloud. Gods of the Hopituh, heed our prayer for rain.

NIKANO. Call louder, your Gods are asleep.

TANTO. Or dead. Call louder.

TEWANI. Has Tanto joined the mockers?

NIKANO. Aye, Tanto is a wise man. Where is the rain? Where are your Gods now?

COCHEWA. Blasphemer, would you condemn us to die?

TANTO. Yes, if our time has come.

(A few speeches back and forth in similar vein at each lull in the dance. The man with the aspergill sprinkles the holy water. Hotewa throws white confetti into the air—watches it fall—then begins odd chant alone, accompanied by chorus of "Ho, ho, ho, ho!")

HOTEWA. *(Down upon his knees.)*

Oh thou of the thunder—
 Thou of the Rain Clouds,
 Thou, the white-towering,
 Father and guide of men,
 Why have you forgotten?
 Why have you not sent us rain?
 Have you not heard our prayers?
 Have you not heard our chants?
 Oh, thou of the lightning—
 Thou—mighty life-giver,
 Hear us; save us;
 Send us the rain.

FLUTE PRIESTS—*Tune of Chant IV.*

Ho-ya-ha! Ho-ya-ho!
 Hear us.
 Ho-ya-ha! Ho-ya-ho!
 Hear us.

(Stretch out hands to Hotewa.)

Call upon the Gods,
 With the secret words,
 That they may hear us—
 That they may save.—

HOTEWA. Hear ye—cloud-dwellers. Hearken and heed.

PEOPLE. The secret words.—

HOTEWA. *(Sings strange, wild, chant, with fantastic words accompanied by tom-tom, flutes and soft "Ha ha, ha, ha," by priests and maidens.)*

PEOPLE. The words of Le-lang-uh!

HOTEWA.

Oh, Ruler of the Thunder!
 Oh, Leader of Men!
 In the holy Kiva have I chanted
 the chants of old.
 In the holy Kiva have I chanted
 the secret words.
 In the holy Kiva have I repeated

the words of Le-lang-uh.
Where, then, are the rain-clouds,—
Where the water-bearers of life?
Will you not hear us,—
Will you not heed our call?

PRIESTS—*Tune of Chant IV.*

Ho-ya-ha! Ho-ya-ho!

Hear us.

Ho-ya-ha! Ho-ya-ho!

Hear us.

Hearken and hear us as we pray.

Hearken and hear us ere we die.

(A strange change comes over the dancers. Orchestra begins "Dagger Dance" from "Natoma." Hotewa is on his knees with his face upon the ground. Three flute priests and the drummer stand by the side of the house. The dance goes on—wilder and wilder. The "Hoya! Hoya!" shout is heard at intervals as the dancers circle about the prostrate Hotewa. As the dance reaches its final climax all sing a chant together and people all join in final chords. Grand final pose at end of chorus, ending with the words, "Heed our prayer, send us the rain." Even the scoffers are silent at this impressive time.—Cochewa extends his hands to heaven.)

COCHEWA. Gods of my fathers. Hearken and hear! Oh!
(Cry of distress. Totters and falls. Confusion on stage. Men carry Cochewa down, Nikano helping, and as curtain falls they take him down into the Kiva.)

CURTAIN

ACT II. SCENE II.

THE KIVA

(Curtain discloses Nikano, Ahtowan, and several men hurriedly carrying the unconscious Cochewa down the ladder. Hotewa comes down ladder afterward, followed by other flute priests. He bends over Cochewa.)

HOTEWA. Cochewa! Come Cochewa! Wake again. You were like a father to me when my own was dead. Cochewa, *(Kneels beside him, lifts his head.)* Come, father, wake again.

(Cochewa opens his eyes and looks about him, sees Hotewa.)

COCHEWA. (*Very weak.*) Hotewa, my son, my son, bend over me. Tell me good bye and let me die in peace.

HOTEWA. No, you are strong yet. You must not die.

COCHEWA. It is better so. I have lived long in the land of Tusayan.

HOTEWA. But, father, you can live longer still.

COCHEWA. No, Hotewa. Oh, my son, I have cared for you as my own since your father and mother left you for the land of Those Above. (*Pause.*) Hotewa, be true to the trust I leave you. Hold fast to the Gods of your fathers, even as I, Cochewa, have done.

HOTEWA. Yes, father.

COCHEWA. Today you showed your spirit. (*Rouses up slightly.*)

HOTEWA. (*Soothing him.*) There, there.

COCHEWA. (*Quickly.*) I know! I know how you gave up your loved one for the sake of the people. Oh, my son, Hotewa, perhaps you have lost her, but thru *you* the whole tribe shall live.

HOTEWA. (*Rather bitterly.*) If the rain comes.

COCHEWA. Do not fear, my son, for the Gods of the Hopituh are good. Some time *all* will know what you did today, and the name of Hotewa will live forever. (*Falls back on floor.*)

AHTOWAN. (*At one side.*) Where are the Gods now?

1ST MAN. They have gone away.

2ND MAN. Perhaps their power is gone. Perhaps they are dying of thirst, too.

AHTOWAN. What if there are no Gods?

1ST MAN. There *must* be Gods. How could *we* have gotten here if there were none?

2ND MAN. There might have been Gods then, but now they must be dead.

3RD MAN. There was no sign of a cloud even.

1ST MAN. No, not a single rain cloud for a year

2ND MAN. For a whole year the Gods have forgotten us.

NIKANO. (*Approaching, in firm tone.*) There were none to forget. Today we toiled and labored in every way and yet no rain. If there were Gods we would have had rain long ago. I say—there are no Gods.

OTHERS. (*Agreeing with him.*) There are no Gods.

(*Cochewa lifts up on one elbow.*)

COCHEWA. (*To Hotewa.*) What are they saying?

HOTEWA. They are talking about the rain.

COCHEWA. But what are they saying about the Gods?

NIKANO. We say, there are no Gods.

(*Cochewa looks at him, slowly comprehending.*)

COCHEWA. No Gods? You—say—there are—no—Gods?

(*Slowly raises up, supported in part by Hotewa. Then with a sudden movement he throws off the great robe that covers him and staggers to the front with his hands stretched out above and in front of him.*) No Gods! (*Almost a scream.*)

Look! This morning I said that today the Hopituh should see the rain. Again I say it. Before this night the rain shall come and thus will the Gods show their love for the Hopituh.

(*To men.*) Men of Oraibi, will you let this unbeliever turn you from the Gods of your fathers? Will you so soon forget their mercies? Nikano, *you* say there are no Gods. *You* say so—you who have most benefited by the gifts they sent us.

Among our young men you have made your talk—you have tried to draw them from the way of their fathers. Even to the priests of the sacred flute, the Lenya of the Gods, you have spread your folly. (*Murmurs among the men.*) Listen, do not turn away. Do you remember Towasin, that other scoffer, whom the Gods killed when the thunder roared over Sit-yat-ki? (*Anger increasing.*) Tonight, Nikano, you shall remember him if you do not now. Are you unafraid? Can you not feel the anger of the Gods upon you? Before tonight you shall. Before tonight you shall call on them for help as you wander, mad, thru old Oraibi. I see it! I see you seared by the lightnings of Towamo. I see your spirit wandering on the lonely trail that is your punishment, for the Gods shall show the people that they still live in Tusayan.

(*During this speech the other men slowly and fearfully move away from Nikano, who is left standing alone.*)

Go now, and meditate on the will of heaven. (*Turns away from Nikano, who silently moves out of sight. The light of prophecy comes over the old man's face. He looks far away, but slowly sinks exhausted.*) Ah! It is the rain! The—rain! See, the children are splashing in the pools and the women are dipping the water from the hollows of the rocks.

What is one scoffer to this? I see the streams rushing down the water courses and the glad people drinking of the rain that falls upon the houses.

HOTWEA. (*Aside.*) Would the Gods I could feel happy as he does! Even if the rain should come, I would have no joy.

COCHEWA. (*Turning to Hotewa.*) Hotewa, my son, today you proved your faith in the Gods of old. Hold to that faith. Do not think of what you have lost but of what you have gained, for this day you have shown that your soul is white. (*He sinks down exhausted.*)

HOTWEA. (*Bitterly aside.*) Gone! Everything I loved is gone!

(*Cochewa is torn with convulsions. Tries to speak but cannot. They bend over him. He sinks back and all think he is dead.*)

AHTOWAN. Is he dead?

1ST MAN. No, he still breathes.

(*Cochewa again opens his eyes and looks up, a smile on his face.*)

COCHEWA. The rain, the rain! I see it coming. (*Men look away. All are incredulous.*) Listen. What was that sound? (*All listen. As they do so a very distant peal of thunder is heard. Cochewa does not hear it. He has become unconscious again. The men grow excited. Then comes a distant shout. "The rain!" and then another nearer, "The rain!" Then suddenly the patter of rain is heard on the roof, and a few drops come thru the doorway in the roof. The men are sobbing with joy. Then a few drops touch Cochewa on the face. He opens his eyes and raises up slightly, supported by Hotewa.*)

COCHEWA. The rain! The rain from heaven. Oh Gods of the Hopituh, I die in peace.

(*Falls back dead. Shouting grows louder outside. All except Hotewa rush out sobbing, and glad shouts are heard from men and women outside. In the Kiva Hotewa tenderly covers Cochewa with the blanket—then slowly goes to altar and bends before it. As the curtain descends the low flute melody of the prayer for rain is heard.*)

CURTAIN

END OF ACT II.

ACT III.

"THE WATER THAT IS LIFE"

ACT. III.

THE PUEBLO

Evening is coming on. Remains of debris from dance scattered about. In front of Soyomi's house a fire has been built. Every little while the rain is heard and a little distant thunder now and then. Soyomi discovered bending over fire trying to make it burn.

SOYOMI (*Looking up and talking to self as he works around fixing the fire under the edge of the eaves.*) Well, the rain has come—tra-la-la—(*Sings in a cracked voice. Blows fire comically, still trying to sing and not accomplishing either very well.*) I ought to have made my wife do this. (*Pause.*) Only a few left. (*Holds up an ear of corn.*) But the rain's here and we'll live somehow. (*Sings.*)—

For who shall starve or die of thirst?

With water in the spring we'll eat enough to burst.

Tra-la-la Tra-la-la

(la-la) (la-la)

We'll live on cactus and sage brush fine,

On peach tree blossoms and on To-to vine.

Tra-la-la Tra-la-la

(la-la)

For the rain has come and the thunder too,

And the dancers feast on the ripe corn blue.

Tra-la-la Tra-la-la

(tra-la) (la-la)

O-which-ee-ah-hai-pa, O-which-ee-ah-wu.

So come and join in the jolly song,

Yes, we'll laugh and sing the whole night long.

Tra-la-la.

(Song dies out because singer is out of breath. Blows fire again, smoke blinds him—coughs and rubs eyes.)

(Enter Ahtowan.)

AHTOWAN. Where is Hotewa?

SOYOMI Hotewa?

AHTOWAN. Yes, Hotewa.

SOYOMI. Ah-tchoo—*(sneeze.)* How should I know? I don't keep track of Hotewa. I'm trouble enough to myself.

(Ahtowan crosses to Kiva and looks down.)

AHTOWAN. With his head on the old man's body. *(Pause as Soyomi hums away at his work.)* Poor Hotewa. How bitter the death of Cochewa is to him. *(Moves quietly away.)*

(Enter Iowano, Ahwante, Yowytewa, and others, laughing and talking.)

IOWANO. Where is Hotewa?

OTHERS. Yes, Hotewa—*Rainbringer!*

AHTOWAN. Be quiet. He is praying in the Kiva, beside his foster father, Cochewa. Leave him alone in his grief.

(The company suddenly quiets down and starts out.)

AHWANTE. Shall he not feast with us tonight?

AHTOWAN. Another time! Do not disturb him now.

(They go out lower left. Shouting and laughter heard outside when they have gone.)

SOYOMI. Hotewa's a great man now, I guess.

AHTOWAN. Since the rain has come.

SOYOMI. Uh-huh!

AHTOWAN. He alone saved the tribe.

SOYOMI. But you must remember, Hotewa hasn't got a wife to contend with. Say, why aren't you with the rest?

AHTOWAN. I'm going now. *(Starts off, but Tewani enters from house.)* Ah, Tewani, see how the Gods have answered our prayers. The rain from heaven has covered all our fields.

TEWANI. Yes. Are the dancers feasting?

AHTOWAN. All but Hotewa. He stays in the Kiva with Cochewa.

TEWANI. Hotewa led the dance well.

AHTOWAN. The tribe must thank him much. He has brought back my faith which was lagging.

TEWANI. He can have whatever he desires.

AHTOWAN. Yes?

TEWANI. Yes.

AHTOWAN. Not quite, perhaps.

TEWANI. Why not?

AHTOWAN. *(Slowly.)* They say he desires Nampeyo.

TEWANI. I—I almost wish he could have her.

AHTOWAN. (*Quick to follow up lead.*) Why not, Tewani? He loves Nampeyo.

TEWANI. I believe it.

AHTOWAN. I *know* it.

TEWANI. I—(*then harshly*)—but I've *promised* her to Tanto. There's an end of it.

AHTOWAN. Why?

TEWANI. Because Tewani's word is absolute. I have sworn it. Would not the Gods have vengeance on me?

AHTOWAN. But what of Tanto and the scoffer? Tanto sided today with Nikano.

TEWANI. The scoffer? Yes, I know, but Tanto *means well*.

AHTOWAN. And fools them all.

TEWANI. (*Going on.*) He is very rich.

AHTOWAN. Rich! Yes! But what are riches? Are *riches* all we should wish for our little girl? Is there not something *more* than riches?

TEWANI. Surely,—but Nampeyo will be happy with Tanto.

AHTOWAN. I deny it.

TEWANI. You think she will not?

AHTOWAN. I *know* she will not.

TEWANI. Oh, you're wrong there, Ahtowan. Tanto is a good man even if he *does* talk too much. Besides I have sworn it, and it must be done.

AHTOWAN. Even if she should be unhappy for life?

TEWANI. My word would never be good again I tell you.

AHTOWAN. Even tho it is to one like Tanto?

TEWANI. Stop, Ahtowan, I have promised. The Gods would not let me turn away from my promise.

AHTOWAN. Think once more, Tewani, Nampeyo is too precious to sacrifice in this way. The Gods will never punish truth.

(*Exit Ahtowan.*)

TEWANI. (*Looking after him.*) Hotewa saved us. I wonder! (*Walks a few steps thinking, then stops.*) No! It is—? O, I don't know. (*To doorway.*) Nampeyo.

NAMPEYO. (*Within.*) Yes, father.

(*Enter Nampeyo. Thruout this scene she is very quiet, sad and subdued.*)

TEWANI. Little daughter, Sipala of my heart, how like your mother you are!

NAMPEYO. Am I, father?

TEWANI. Those same eyes! That same smile! Oh, that was a happy day when she came to me *so long ago*.

NAMPEYO. Yes?

TEWANI. A happy day! Nampeyo, you have always been a dutiful daughter.

NAMPEYO. (*Resignedly.*) Yes, father.

TEWANI. Tonight my blessing goes with you and Tanto. Go now and make ready, and pray the Gods for luck.

NAMPEYO. Yes, father.

(*Exit Nampeyo.*)

TEWANI. Does she care, too? I thot she always admired Tanto.

(*Boy runs onto stage.*)

Boy. They're playing the Pa-ta-wa-ke. Come and see.

(*Boy runs out with Tewani following him. As soon as they are off the stage Nampeyo comes out of doorway above—looks down toward Kiva.*)

NAMPEYO. Oh, Hotewa, my true one! They say you are still down there grieving over Cochewa. *They* do not know what it is. Only you and I know, Hotewa, just you and I. You did your duty; you saved the tribe. And only *I* can know how hard it was for you—how much it hurt you. But it was right, dear, Nampeyo knows it now, and you can never know how much she loves you for it.

(*Exit Nampeyo thru doorway, saying "Good bye" as she goes. Enter people shouting and laughing. Orchestra sounds opening chords of "Song of Rejoicing," to tune of Troyer's Zuni "Hymn of the Sun."*)

PEOPLE.—(*Singing the "Song of Rejoicing."*)

GIRLS—

The rain, the rain from heaven,
Is falling,—is falling.
It falls upon the house-tops,
We welcome it with joy.
It falls upon the Hopi corn,
And thru it signs of life are born.

So welcome, ye rain drops—
For the Gods will not forget
Their people, so faithful.

Listen,—just listen.

MEN—

Crystal streams in murmurs faint
Bursting forth without restraint.
Life and laughter in the sound
Of the rain drops do abound.
They are messengers of love
From the spirits of above.
Bringing light and life and joy
From the Gods who dwell on high,—
Gods on high—Gods on high.
Listen,—just listen.

ALL—

Praises to the Gods of heaven,
For the rain, earth's fruitful leaven.
'Tis the rain! 'Tis the rain!
For our corn its blessed power
Brings to us a bounteous dower.
We will pile our storehouse high
Death and hunger from us fly.
Oh, hearken to the rain-God's voice
Beckoning our souls to rise.
For still the Gods do not forget,
And they love their people yet.
As light and song in one unite,
Let us forever bless their might.
Oh, Gods of heaven,
Our thanks to Thee be given.

RESPONSE FROM WITHOUT—The rain is come.

SHOUT FROM WITHOUT—Come, join the Pa-ta-wa-ke.

PEOPLE. Oh! the Pa-ta-wa-ke! etc.

(Exeunt all. Loud shout heard off stage. Enter Hotewa from Kiva.)

HOTEWA. *(At Kiva entrance as flute plays softly.)* Alik-sai! The Gods have pointed the way. It is decided. *(Walks over to house.)* Good bye, Nampeyo. Oh, how I want to speak to you. *(Noise increases off stage.)* Good bye, old Oraibi; I

have loved your houses and your byways. Now I must leave you, never again to wander by your cliffs. (*Noise again.*) They must not see me. (*Starts away, then looks back.*) Oh, if I could only speak to you.

(*Music and laughter louder and nearer. Hotewa hurries out in opposite direction. At the entrance he stops.*)

To the Tehua people! Good bye Oraibi and Nampeyo. I have nothing left to stay for. May you be happy, Sipala! Good bye.

(*Exit Hotewa right. Noise increases off left—shouting and laughter. Enter merrymakers. Play game.*)

AHWANTE. We want Hotewa.

OTHERS. Yes, Hotewa,—bringer of the rain.

AHWANTE. Where is he now?

AHTOWAN. Still in the Kiva of the flute priests.

YOWYTEWA. Call him to join us.

AHTOWAN. No, didn't I tell you to leave him alone? Co-chewa fathered him and kept him. Let him be tonight.

AHWANTE. Where's Nampeyo?

OTHERS. Yes—Nampeyo. Call her—Call Hotewa and Nampeyo.

TEWANI. Be quiet. Nampeyo is making ready for her marriage—to Tanto.

OTHERS. (*Surprised.*) Tanto? Will she really marry him? Tanto has forsaken the Gods.

TEWANI. Yes, *she will marry Tanto.*

(*Noise subsides. Crowd falls to playing games again—laughter, and hilarious fun. One calls from outside and all exeunt center. Enter Nampeyo above.*)

NAMPEYO. (*Tearfully.*) Yes, I will marry Tanto. Oh, my father, I have been a good daughter. (*Stretches out her hands to Kiva. Starts down ladder, walks to Kiva entrance. There she looks around fearfully.*) No one can keep me from saying good bye to Hotewa. (*To Kiva, with feeling.*) My Hotewa. (*Peers in but can't see him.*) Where is he? (*Starts down ladder.*) Hotewa, answer me, it's Nampeyo. (*A cry is heard below. She comes up sobbing.*) He is gone! (*Looks around her.*) Gone! Oh, where is he? (*Calls.*) Hotewa. Hotewa.

(Falls on bench sobbing. Merrymakers come running back—see her and are silent.)

AHWANTE. Why, Nampeyo, what's the matter?

NAMPEYO. *(Sobbing.)* Where's Hotewa?

AHWANTE. Hotewa?

NAMPEYO. Yes—he—he's gone.

OTHERS. Gone?

NAMPEYO. Yes, I looked into the Kiva but I couldn't see him, and then I called and he didn't answer; and then I went down—but—he—wasn't there. *(Falls over on bench in grief.)*

(Enter Notawa.)

NOTAWA. What's the matter?

ALL. *(Confusedly.)* Hotewa—gone—not there, etc.

NOTAWA. Maybe it was Hotewa I saw.

OTHERS. Did you see him? Where—etc.

NOTAWA. I was coming up the Qua-tai trail just now and saw someone going off toward Dokoslid.

OTHERS. Dokoslid?

NAMPEYO. Dokoslid? Then it was he. And he's gone.

OTHERS. Where? How do you know? etc.

NAMPEYO. To the Tehuas.

OTHERS. Let's find him. Hurry.

(All but Tewani and Nampeyo run out left excitedly. Nampeyo watches them a moment, then sadly starts up the ladder and finally exits.)

TEWANI. *(Watching her.)* Hotewa gone, and Nampeyo feels so sad! I wonder. Is it all a mistake? *(Walks around still watching Nampeyo.)* Perhaps my desire for the lucky basket was too great. *(Pause.)* Was Ahtowan right? *(Shouting heard outside.)* I might have waited. *(Walks up and down in agitation, stands irresolute.)* But I have promised it,—have sworn it by the Gods. *(Starts to climb ladder. Shouts grow louder outside.)* What is it?

(Enter Notawa running. Tewani is on first level.)

NOTAWA. *(Pointing back.)* Chief. *(Out of breath.)* Nikano! *(Points out.)* Nikano, the scoffer—

TEWANI. What about him?

NOTAWA. Over the cliff. *(Makes motion of falling.)* Every bone broken. *(Starts to run out on other side.)*

TEWANI. Wait. Hey! Tell me. (*But he is gone. Tewani comes down ladder confusedly.*) Nikano dead? Coche-wa's prophecy! (*Shouting louder outside.*) And Tanto!—a scoffer, too. Am I going to give Nampeyo to an unbeliever? Nikano dead! (*Starts out but people enter excitedly.*)

AHWANTE. Nikano is dead.

TEWANI. How was it?

AHWANTE. Fell from the cliff. Cochewa said it. The Gods have their vengeance.

IOWANO. And Tanto is next.

(*Tewani starts.*)

OTHERS. Tanto, the scoffer!

TEWANI. (*Aside.*) Can I make her suffer for my promise?

AHWANTE. Here he comes now.

PEOPLE. (*Confusedly.*) Tanto! Shame! Scoffer!

TEWANI. (*Aside.*) No, by the Gods, I will not.

(*Enter Tanto, the same look of disregard on his face. He is a strong man and brave. He has acted according to his convictions. Still naughty. Others turn away.*)

TANTO. Well! (*Silence. Pause ensues. Some walk away. None look at him.*) Well! Am I a dog that you kick me thus? Speak! (*Pause.*) Ha, ha! you cowards. Has this Hotewa so befuddled your brains? Are you all mad?

(*Starts away.*)

AHTOWAN. (*Quietly, after him.*) Are you so wanton, Tanto, that you can still utter your blasphemies in the very presence of the Gods?

TANTO. (*Turning and contemptuously swinging his robe around him.*) The Gods indeed!

TEWANI. (*Breaking in, unable to control himself longer.*) Aye, Tanto, the Gods! Do you still make little of the Gods of Heaven?

TANTO. (*Haughtily.*) I have nothing to say about your Gods.

AHTOWAN. But what of the rain—this answer to our prayer?

TANTO. A shower opportunely come!—as if our flutes could call the rain!

TEWANI. And shall I give my daughter to one who scoffs at the givers of rain? No, Tanto, never!

(Tanto wheels toward Tewani.)

Here, take your eagle basket. *(Throws it at his feet. People murmur and draw back, saying, "The Sacred Eagle Basket!" Leave center of stage clear for Tewani and Tanto. Tanto contemptuously kicks the basket aside, still looking at Tewani.)* Will the basket of an unbeliever bring good luck? No, none shall say that my Nampeyo is married to a scoffer.

(Nampeyo is in front of the crowd. She comes out by Tewani, who puts his arm around her while with the other he motions Tanto away.)

TANTO. What? Will you break your promise?

TEWANI. I will!

TANTO. *(Enraged.)* You cannot. You have sworn it. I demand her. *(Starts toward them.)*

TEWANI. *(Gesturing with free hand.)* Away.

TANTO. What will your promises be worth hereafter? *(Pause.)* Shall these people call you "oath breaker?"

TEWANI. Away.

TANTO. Even your Gods will not believe you.

TEWANI. My Gods, you say? They are the Gods of truth and not of wanton blasphemy.

TANTO. Gods of truth indeed! Your oath is broken.

TEWANI. My oath broken? Yes! *(Puts Nampeyo aside and confronts Tanto.)* Tanto, by the Gods I swore it—by the Gods at whom you scoff. And now by these same Gods I take away. These people are witness to what I do.

PEOPLE. Ah!

(Tanto starts toward him, but Tewani meets him with up-lifted hand.)

TEWANI. Begone, scoffer. It is I, Tewani, the chief, who commands it. Go.

(Tanto and Tewani hold pose for a minute and then Tanto, with a little "Ha!" turns and walks off. People have meanwhile crowded up, but sink back as he goes. He gives one more glance of defiance as he goes out. Exit Tanto. As soon as he is gone the crowd breaks into turmoil. His personality has held them while he was there, but now that he is gone,

the people surge forward and some rush after him calling him "Scoffer, blasphemer," etc.)

TEWANI. Stop. Back to the feast. Is all Oraibi to be overturned by one such scoffer?

(People move off stage, leaving Chief in center of stage. Nampeyo stands by the wall of the house. He does not see her. He sinks down on the stone at the Kiva entrance.)

Oh, little Nampeyo, my daughter, can you ever forgive me? I would have given you to Tanto. *(Hides face in hands.)*

(Meanwhile Nampeyo comes slowly up to him and quietly puts her arm around his neck. He looks up.)

Oh, Nampeyo, I *thot* it was for the best.

NAMPEYO. I know, father, I know. You *always* do what you think is best for me. It's a way they have—these fathers and mothers.

TEWANI. *(Choking.)* And now, I fear—

NAMPEYO. There, there. Come now. *(Leads him up ladder.)*

(Ahwante comes running in.)

AHWANTE. Hotewa is gone. No one can find him.

TEWANI. *(Turning as he climbs ladder.)* Not find him yet? Have they searched Sit-yat-ki?

AHWANTE. *Everywhere!* We have been everywhere.

TEWANI. But he *must* be found. Take all the young men, Ahwante. Let them search every hollow rock. Send them thru every canyon. He *must* be found. *Must* be found. *(Turns and starts to go up.)* Oh, *(Hesitates.)* I'm getting old. *(Nampeyo is holding him. He clutches before his eyes with one hand.)* Oh! The wrath of the Gods is upon me.

(Enter Ahtowan above, hurries to him, helps him.)

Ah! Ahtowan, *(Leans on him.)* I am a broken man. I would have given her to a scoffer.

NAMPEYO. But you didn't, father.

TEWANI. Oh, you were right, Ahtowan. I knew it all the time, but my pride—you know what a man's pride is. It has eaten my heart away this day. And my daughter—

NAMPEYO. Come, father.

TEWANI. I have destroyed her gladness.

NAMPEYO. No, I am as happy as was mother that day so long ago. (*Smiles at him.*)

TEWANI. Nampeyo!

AHTOWAN. Surely they will find Hotewa!

TEWANI. Who can tell? I fear he is gone forever.

(*Nampeyo and Ahtowan help the broken old man into the doorway. Distant sound of reveller's song as curtain descends.*)

CURTAIN

END OF ACT III

EPILOGUE

"THE GODS ARE GOOD"

EPILOGUE

THE PUEBLO

(Scene opens in darkness—music of Act I, Scene I. The only light on the stage is that which comes from the open doorway of Tewani's house. Mooa, clothed as in Act I, Scene I, enters from Kiva. He slowly ascends the ladder to the first roof, where he is plainly seen in the light from Tewani's doorway. He goes on up. Waits on top a moment as in Act I, Scene I. Then, in the same long-drawn-out call, he gives his message to the people.)

MOOA. Hear ye! Hearken, oh people of Oraibi. Listen, oh, ye people of peace. Great praise be to Le-lang-uh and to the Gods of Heaven, for the rain—has—come. *(Pause.)* Give thanks to the Gods all you who dwell in ancient Oraibi, for the Gods of the Hopituh have *not* forsaken us in time of need. Ai—ee—ee! *(Long drawn out.)* Ai—ee—ee! *(Long drawn out.)*

(In the pause that follows this call, Hotéwa enters center, barely seen in the darkness. One can barely distinguish his form. At the Kiva entrance he stops and bends over the opening.)

HOTÉWA. Oraibi! Good bye, Cochewa, good bye. *(Choking with grief.)* You were loyal to the end. Your faith was rewarded. Good bye. May the Gods be good to you.

(Hotéwa moves from Kiva toward the houses very slowly and stealthily. He is startled as Mooa begins his call once more. Pose as Mooa calls.)

MOOA. Arise, you who feast this night—and call upon the Gods. Bless ye, the givers of the rain. Give thanks. *(Long drawn out.)*

HOTÉWA. It is Mooa calling to the people. *(Walks up to the house; touches it, then draws away.)* Oh, old Oraibi! How many times I've climbed your ladders! How many times I've gone down into your holy Kivas. Good bye, Oraibi, you can never be the same again to Hotéwa.

THE NEW
AMERICAN



A GLIMPSE OF HOPILAND

(Stops a moment. Girl's voice is heard singing in Chief's house.)

Listen! It is Nampeyo. Must I say good bye to you? *(Songs grows louder—then dies away. Hotewa climbs slowly up ladder and appears in the light from the doorway. He looks in.)* Yes, it is farewell. I have come back for the last time—just to put this—baho at your door. May it bring you happiness, Nampeyo.

MOOA. Once again I call on you to give thanks to the Gods for their mercies.

HOTewa. *(Bitterly.)* Can I give thanks when you are lost, Nampeyo? *(Stretches out his hands and speaks tenderly.)* Good bye, Sipala, I shall never see you again, my peach bloom. Good bye!

MOOA. For the mercies of the Gods are great.

HOTewa. May the Gods keep you safe and make you happy. *(He places the Baho by the door.)*

MOOA. Give thanks!

TEWANI. *(Within.)* What is it that Mooa calls tonight?

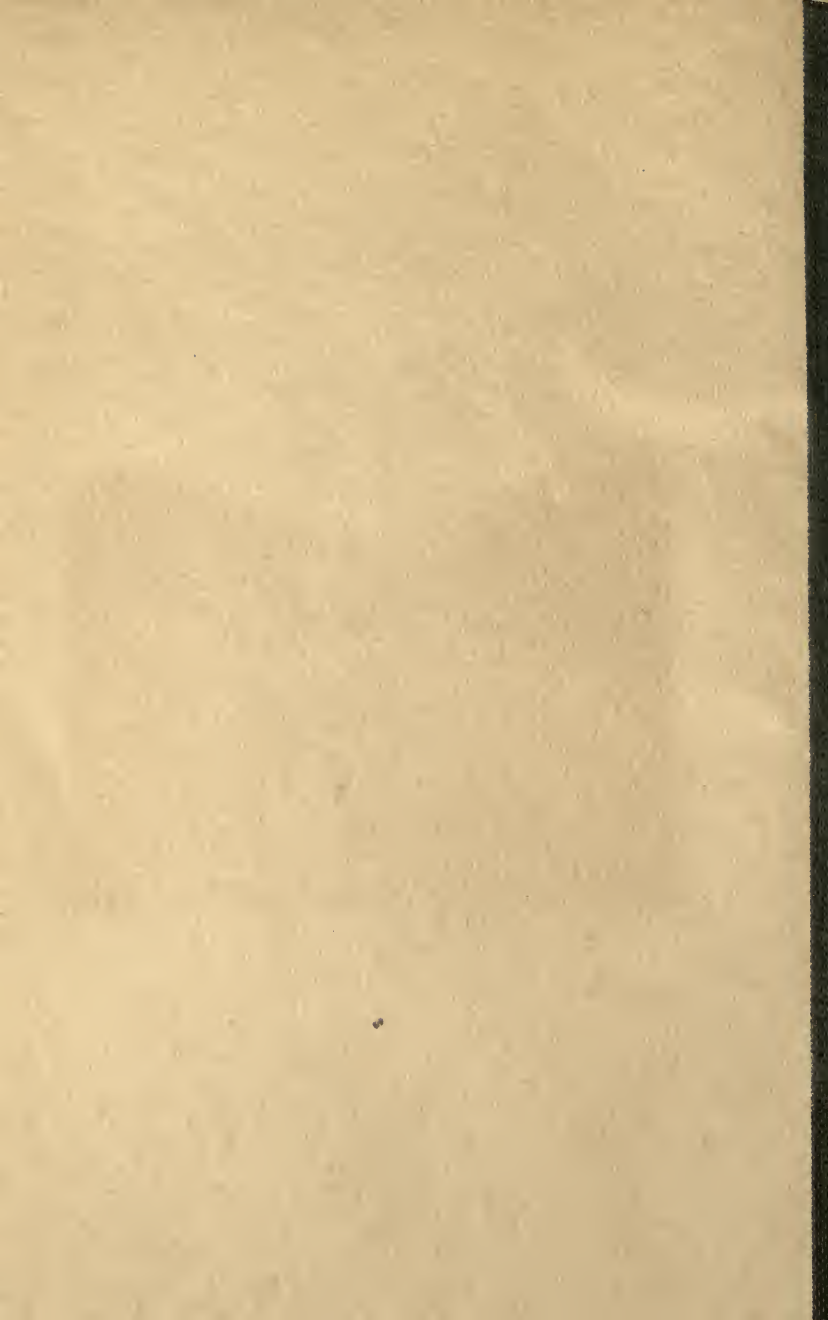
NAMPEYO. *(Within, sadly.)* He says, "Give thanks!"

TEWANI. Would the Gods we *might* give thanks.

(Tewani comes to doorway and looks up. Hotewa quickly hides behind the corner of the wall, and Tewani finally goes back into house without seeing him. Hotewa comes from hiding place.)

MOOA. Aliksai. Ai—ee—ee! Aliksai. *(Long drawn out.)*

(Mooa starts down. Hotewa starts quickly for ladder to get away without being seen. As he does so Tewani comes to doorway, thinking it is Mooa. He sees Hotewa and starts as he recognizes him. Hotewa hides his face, but the Chief takes him by the hand. Orchestra plays softly Lieurance's "Indian Flute Call and Love Song." Stage is dark for a moment as Tewani leads the wondering Hotewa into the doorway and closes the door. In the darkness Mooa silently goes out unseen by the audience. Then the door opens again and Hotewa and Nampeyo come slowly out together. Hotewa still looks bewildered. They walk slowly out across the first roof. Just as they come from the doorway there is a distant peal of



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Wheat

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